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**SGT. MICKEY AND GENERAL IKE**



SGT. MICKEY  
AND  
GENERAL IKE

BY MICHAEL J. McKEOGH  
and RICHARD LOCKRIDGE



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS      NEW YORK

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PEARLIE AND MARY ANN

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## INTRODUCTION

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GENERAL IKE had his problems at his Supreme level, but Mickey at his had some that seemed to him just as tough.

Sometimes Mickey shared his dilemmas with me. A perpetual one which stays in my mind came up all too many mornings. Awakening this "dog's body,"\* Mickey's supreme question always was: Shall I or shall I not awaken the General? I almost always voted to let the General sleep and the orderly go back to his cot. Mickey would argue that he had his orders from the Boss himself to be awakened at seven. Then Mickey would slip quietly to the General's bedroom door, or tent, or caravan, or dugout, and intently listen for any telltale sounds which Mickey came to know as well as Toscanini knows musical notes. Too frequently he would find the great question answered by the General himself, who more than likely had been awake for a couple of hours, pondering ever-pressing problems on which his brain cells resumed their efforts after only five or six hours of sound sleep. Or he might be trying to put himself back to sleep with a Western rather than to ring for Mickey at an early hour and, as the Supreme Commander felt, unnecessarily disturb the camp or household.

\* A term frequently heard in British Army circles to denote an aide: something always underfoot and easy to kick around.

Mickey had a choice job in the war, but it wasn't easy, by any means. He was on call practically twenty-four hours a day and whenever he sought to get out of earshot of the General to go to a GI movie, or perhaps to steal an hour or two with Pearlie, he had to obtain the personal approval of the Supreme Commander, Allied Expeditionary Forces, whose reputation for fairness and generosity I can testify began at home. The old adage that no man is a hero to his valet is disproved by Mickey's story. Few men ever had a more loyal and cheerful orderly, and in many ways, companion and confidant.

Former Naval Lieutenant Richard Lockridge has caught the spirit of Mickey's story with uncanny perception. When I read some of the manuscript I could hear Mickey talking.

In years, probably decades and perhaps centuries to come students of history will find stories like this of value in judging the character of General Eisenhower. If Caesar's orderly, as well as others close to great world figures during stirring times, had written a book like this while memory was fresh with details, how much better all of us would have known the characters who made and are making history.

The late General Patton, loved by all of General Ike's personal staff, once said, after reviewing his accomplishments and those of his plunging 3rd Army, that Caesar couldn't have been more than a brigadier general on his staff, yet Patton's was only one of seven armies, with sea, air and supply forces in addition, which were under General Ike when Hitler's tyrannical hordes were forced by Allied arms unconditionally to surrender. I don't know how General Patton would rank Caesar on General Ike's staff, but Mickey no doubt would argue that commanding seven armies is seven

times as difficult as running one, and therefore Caesar would be just one-seventh of a B. G. on General Ike's staff—a 2nd lieutenant. To most GI's and sergeants, particularly Master Sergeants like Mickey, this is damning Caesar very much indeed, but it would be Mickey's way of speaking of "the Boss"—and I would cheer for Mickey.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Harry C. Butcher".

HARRY C. BUTCHER,  
Naval Aide to General Eisenhower,  
1942-1945



**SGT. MICKEY AND GENERAL IKE**



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## CHAPTER

# 1

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THE FIRST TIME I saw the Boss I thought he didn't look much like a soldier. Now that seems to me a funny thing ever to have thought about General Eisenhower and probably it would have seemed funny then to people who really knew about the Army. But I hadn't been a soldier very long myself—and didn't expect to be one very much longer. That was in July of 1941 and I had been inducted the previous March, along with a lot of other guys who thought they were going to be in the Army a year. I stayed in until September 12, 1945, and from that day in July until the end I was orderly to the grandest guy I've ever known or ever hope to know.

But then he was just a man in a gray civilian suit with a white shirt and a sort of blue tie and he was eating breakfast with his wife in the kitchen of their house on the reservation at Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio. He was a colonel, of course, and I'd been in the Army long enough to know about colonels, although I'd never spoken to one before. I suppose I was thinking chiefly about pleasing him enough so he would keep me on as his orderly, which looked like being a nice clean job without too much work. We didn't look ahead very far in the Army in the summer of 1941 or know what was going to happen to all of us—and to the world.

I had been working for Mrs. Eisenhower for a couple

of days before I met the General—it's hard now to think of him except as the General. I'd been helping her fix the house up, hanging pictures and moving furniture and generally making myself useful; working from about nine in the morning until about five and then going back to the company. I thought she was a lovely woman and that it would be fine to work for her, but I still hadn't met the Colonel and you can't always tell about colonels. It was the third morning I met him and when Mrs. Eisenhower said I was the boy who had been helping out I stood as straight as I could and tried to decide whether I ought to salute. I thought he looked more like a retired banker or professional man who had been very athletic a few years before than like a soldier. But he was a colonel and I thought, "This is it," and was excited.

He stood up and held out a big hand—he has very big hands and long arms and broad shoulders—and then he smiled. There's no use trying to describe that smile, and anyway by now a lot of people have seen it and know what it's like. I guess it's just a sincere smile and he uses his whole face—not just his mouth, as if he were advertising tooth paste—and when he smiles his whole face is lighted up. I saw him smile in a lot of places—in Washington and in Africa and Italy, and afterward in France and Germany—and I always waited for it. It always made me feel better than I had been feeling, somehow. It did that day I first met him.

I shook hands with him and he asked me what my name was.

"Private Michael James McKeogh, sir," I said. He sort of shook his head at that, but he kept on smiling.

"I know that," he said. "I mean, what do they call you?"

"Mickey, sir," I said.

He kept on smiling and this time he nodded.  
“O.K., Mickey,” he said. “That’s what it will be from here on out.”

He sort of nodded at Mrs. Eisenhower then and said, “All right. You take care of things around here—and of Mrs. Eisenhower.”

I said I’d certainly try to, and he said he thought I’d do and to get familiar with his equipment and do whatever Mrs. Eisenhower wanted done and then he sat down and finished his breakfast. I went back to work around the house. I was pretty much keyed up still, but I thought he’d be a nice guy to work for. I thought the Army was working out pretty well. I was right about that; I’ll be lucky if anything ever works out as well again as the Army did for me.

I hadn’t been particularly hopeful about it up to then. It hadn’t started out well at Camp Upton, and it had certainly been different from anything I’d known before. It had taken me a long way from home, which was Corona, Long Island; it had taken me out of New York for the first time in my life, and I hadn’t any desire to be taken out of New York. I had a good job as a bellhop at the Plaza and it was a very interesting job.

I’d had it since 1934. Before that I’d been through grammar school at Our Lady of Sorrows in Corona and gone to high school for three years and a half, quitting before I graduated. I thought I was pretty smart in those days, but now I don’t think it was very smart to quit high school before I was graduated. I’d worked one summer doing curb service for a White Tower hamburger joint in Queens—getting ninety cents a week in salary and making around forty a week in tips. I’d been an office boy and mail clerk for the Valve and Fitting Institute, which was the governing body for the industry during NRA. And I’d helped a friend paint a butcher

shop one Sunday and walked off the top of a ladder and landed on a meathook. About an eighth of an inch more of that meathook and I'd never have met the Boss. After that I didn't get up on ladders when I'd had a few beers because that, war and all, is the nearest I've ever come to meeting a violent death. I was scared plenty during the war, but nothing ever hit me. Nothing ever hit the Boss either, thank God.

It was after I got patched up from the meathook that I got a job at the Plaza, first as page boy and then as bellhop. I don't want to be a bellhop again, but it wasn't a dull job. Something happened every day that didn't happen the day before and you saw a lot of queer sights and got to know a lot about people—people with big names. You learned how to kid them along when they were feeling cranky and how to play up to them when they were cheerful and contented. And I learned not to be too much impressed by them. I've always hated silly people who run after guys for their autographs or stand around and stare at a guy just because his name is in the papers. I've always figured that I was just as important to myself and my family as they were to themselves and their families. Of course, looking up to somebody like the Boss is different.

I didn't want to leave a good job at the Plaza and go into the Army, but about a million guys must have felt the same about leaving their jobs and going into the Army. The Army settled that, for me, on March 10, 1941, when it inducted me at the Jamaica Armory in Queens and shipped me off to Camp Upton. It snowed hard all the way to Upton and we got there at night and the processing took until midnight. Then it turned out that my cot was under a leak in the tent and the water had dripped in and then frozen on the sheet and pillowcase. So I slept in my new uniform, including the

overcoat. The Army didn't look good at all that night. It didn't look much better the next few days. We were wet and cold most of the time, and when we got out of the tents we had to tear them down and tear the duck-boards up. The second day I don't think we got more than a couple of hours' rest all day and it was pretty tough after the Plaza.

They shipped us to Camp Walters at Mineral Wells in Texas after the processing at Camp Upton. It was a long trip; it took me a long way from New York—three days and two nights on the train. It gave me time to think about myself and the Army and I came up thinking: "Well, I'm in. The only thing to do is to keep my nose clean and do what I'm told. That way I ought to get along better than if I try to be a smart guy." I still think I gave myself good advice, and I always tried to follow it. It made things easier at Camp Walters during the sixteen weeks of basic training—of marching, of policing camp, of learning about rifles and light machine guns; of losing fifteen pounds and getting harder marching in the Texas sun; of learning to get along with a lot of other men in the same boat. Most of the men took it pretty well; better than you would have thought from reading the newspapers then, when the newspapers were full of rumors that discipline was breaking down and that half the men in training were thinking only of how they could "go over the hill." There was griping, of course. Naturally some talked about going over the hill. But it was only griping. If they had had to stay in the Army twenty years, they'd have stayed. The regular Army men stationed there were very decent to us—they seemed to feel that it was harder on us, because they had chosen to be in the Army and we couldn't help ourselves. That helped. A lieutenant of the company I was in helped those of

us under him; he was an understanding sort of man, and I liked him and I think he liked me. Anyway, he made me an acting platoon sergeant, which made me feel I was getting along all right.

As a private, just learning to be a soldier, you don't see much of officers, except from a distance. There was a rough, tough-looking lieutenant colonel in charge of our area, and he was a fine man and a real soldier. There was a captain we all called "Groucho" because he walked like Groucho Marx; he had no sense of cadence, which can be very difficult when you're marching, and perhaps he got us all to walking like Groucho Marx. And there was Brigadier General William H. Simpson, in charge of the camp, and he was someone we saw in the distance. He was a fine-looking man; he looked, I thought then, the way a general ought to look. I still think he did, and since then I've seen a lot of generals. And it was looking at him one night when he came to an amateur show the men were giving that gave me an idea of what I'd like to do in the Army. He came in his car, and he and the car and the driver looked very fine. I was standing and watching them with another GI and after watching them a minute I pointed to the chauffeur and said:

"That's the kind of a job I'd like in this man's army. Driving a car for a general."

I'd never thought of it before, but seeing the General, looking so much like a general, and thinking that was really the Army, and being crazy anyway about driving cars, made me think the General's driver had a good job and one I'd like.

The other GI just looked at the driver and sighed and said, "Yeah. You and the rest of the Army," and we went off and did something else, and I didn't think much more about it then. A little later I was offered a

chance to go to officer candidate school and had to think about that. I turned the chance down, finally. There were a number of reasons. There were rumors we were going to be sent back to Camp Dix, and that would get me near home. If I went to OCS and got a commission, I'd have to stay longer than a year, and a year seemed long enough. And then, I'd heard that the average life of an officer in combat was less than a minute, and I figured I'd rather be a noncom and last maybe five minutes. I also turned down paratrooper school; I'd never been up in a plane then, and it seemed to be a very risky thing to go up in a plane and then jump out of it; riskier than the increase in base pay made up for. I was still thinking of doing what I was told, keeping my nose clean, and getting out in a year. Most of us were.

So I was still a private, and not bound anywhere in particular, except toward that day which was now only about eight months off when I would go back to New York and my job at the Plaza, when we were shipped to Fort Sam Houston. I hadn't been there very long when my platoon sergeant, Sergeant Grizzle, told me he had heard that Lieutenant Lee, who was aide to the Chief of Staff of the Third Army—a Colonel Eisenhower—was looking for a young fellow to go along on maneuvers to act as the Colonel's orderly. I was twenty-five actually, but everybody seemed to think that was young enough, and the job looked like a good one; like an easy way to serve out the rest of the year. So I told Sergeant Grizzle I'd like to try for it and he sent me down to headquarters and Lieutenant Lee. The Lieutenant looked me over and asked me if I had any bad habits which would interfere with my being an orderly; specifically, he asked me if I drank. I figured he meant did I drink twenty-four hours a day, and I said no. He

said he thought I'd do and told me to return to the company and stand by until I was asked for. I did—and spent four or five days doing KP. Then Mrs. Eisenhower called the company and asked them to send me down to help arrange things in the house they'd just moved into. Mrs. Eisenhower was always just moving into houses, and getting them fixed up the way she and the Boss liked them, and then having to move out.

The company commander, Captain Butcher, called me into his office and read me a lecture about the job. He said the Eisenhowers were old Army people and very strict. (I found out later that the General was the only Army man in his family, but I never took it up with the Captain.) He said I was to be an example of the kind of men they had in the Third Army Headquarters Company and that I'd better be a good example and do a good job, or he'd find out why I hadn't. It didn't worry me much; I felt that I could do a good job all right. But it did make me feel that I had to be especially on my toes. I was feeling that way when I went to the Eisenhowers' house and Mrs. Eisenhower opened the door and smiled at me, and I said I was Private McKeogh and had been sent down from the company. She asked me if I'd brought fatigues and when I said I hadn't she smiled again and said I'd better go back and get them. I did and then went back to the house and started work.

I began to get to know Mrs. Eisenhower during those two days, and to make up my mind about her. I thought she was a lovely person then, and I still do; she has proved it a hundred times in little things she has done; in writing letters to my mother and reassuring her about me; in almost, somehow, making me one of the family. She is very lovely and very gracious, and she can put anyone at ease, no matter where he comes from.

She also has very exact ideas about how she wants pictures hung, and I found that out, too, in the couple of days I worked for her and before I met the General himself and decided that, if it was all right with him, I had a boss from there on out.

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## CHAPTER

# 2

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I DIDN'T ACTUALLY see much of the Boss for the first few weeks I worked for him. I lived in the barracks and reported to the house about nine. They had a colored couple to cook and wait on table and my jobs, when I wasn't driving the Chrysler, were the sort of odd jobs there are to do around a house. I'd help clean up in the morning; I'd wash the car and see that it was gassed up, and when Mrs. Eisenhower wanted to go someplace on the post, or into San Antonio shopping, I'd drive her. I'd pick up supplies for the house and do whatever else Mrs. Eisenhower wanted done. But living most of the day in a house where people like the Eisenhowers live you begin to learn things about them. You couldn't spend eight hours a day there, for example, without finding out how devoted they were to each other, and how much they both loved their home and wanted to be in it. The Boss was always a great one for staying at home when he could, and living quietly. Things didn't work out that way for him often in the years I was with him, but he always wanted them that way. One of my jobs, all through the war, was to try to make the house he was living in as much like a home as I could—in England outside of London, in Algiers, in the various places we lived in in France, and finally in Germany when we got there. I don't

know how well I succeeded, but that always seemed to me to be my job.

At Fort Sam, of course, Mrs. Eisenhower was there and she made things the way the General wanted them. Baked beans, for example—the General was always fond of baked beans, made with salt pork and molasses and onions. Mrs. Eisenhower knew the way he wanted them and when she was in charge they always came out right. But afterward, when I was trying to take care of him, we never could get them just the way he wanted them. There would always be too much or not enough of something; too many onions or not enough, or too much molasses. I guess we were always a great disappointment to the General when it came to beans.

He was interested in the kitchen of any house he lived in, and in what the cook was doing. I began to find that out at Fort Sam; later I found out that the same interest he had in his own kitchen extended to the kitchens in which food was prepared for the troops. He was insistent on that; insistent that the men get good food, just as he was insistent that he would never take for his own use anything the men ought to have. When we had movies in England and France, on his special train or at the house, he always had us make sure that we weren't taking the equipment when it might be used to entertain the men. They needed it more than he did, he said, and I suppose he was right, although I don't think anybody in the Army worked half as hard as my boss when we were really in it.

At his own house, as I said, he liked to putter around in the kitchen. He likes to make vegetable soup, putting in all sorts of vegetables and different seasonings; and he likes to fry eggs himself. He fries them very slowly in butter, basting them carefully—and then usually making them into sandwiches. They say he used, in

civilian life—I mean, of course, what corresponds to civilian life for a regular Army man—to broil steaks, but he never had much chance to do that while I was with him. He likes to taste things cooking in the kitchen, and sometimes he will take the lid off a pot on the stove and taste what is in it and talk to the cook about whether to put anything else in whatever is cooking. He used to do that at Fort Sam, where life was, by his standards, pretty civilian.

The officers then were wearing civilian clothes, except for one day a week. The Boss dressed very conservatively; he had, when I first went to work for him, the gray single-breasted suit I first saw him in, a double-breasted blue suit, a brown tweed suit, and, of course, a tuxedo. He had mostly solid-colored or very small-figured red and blue ties, and I never saw him wear anything but a white shirt that I can remember—the sort of clothes a conservative professional man would wear. He bought them ready made, and his uniforms too, except for his riding breeches, which he had made. He was the best-dressed soldier in the world in his riding outfit, I always thought; when he was in his pink breeches, high boots, and pink wool shirt, everybody would just stand and look at him. He wore that uniform a good deal later, on inspection trips. He was a Clark Gable in that, and in his summer uniforms.

But around Fort Sam, when I first went to work for him, he was a fine-looking man in a gray suit who loved to be at home and got up and had breakfast in the kitchen with Mrs. Eisenhower and went to the office and came home in the evening. We had Wednesday afternoons off then in the Army and he would come home about noon. I'd see him then and he'd smile that smile at me and ask how everything was going. Then, usually, he'd go off to play golf and I'd put the key to

the car in the sideboard drawer where we kept it and then I'd be off until the next morning. We all had Saturday afternoons off, too, and Sundays. It was a leisurely Army then, before the Japs started things. The General spent most of his evenings at home; sometimes another couple would come in to play bridge. He wasn't much for big parties. He was a chain cigarette smoker; he liked to read Westerns. One of my jobs later was to keep him supplied with Westerns, so that he could read them at night when he couldn't sleep. He kept on reading them all through the war, and he kept on smoking all through the war. Some nights he'd pile an ash tray full and read I don't know how many stories about the West. Then I knew he was keyed up; it was one of the ways I had of finding out how the war was going. But that was a long time after the Fort Sam days.

Then it was just a good job with nice people; a very good job, as Army jobs went. The work around the house wasn't too hard; I've always loved cars and taking care of the Chrysler and driving it were fun more than anything else. The Boss paid me ten dollars extra a month, which was one of the things which went with being an orderly. He kept on smiling at me and calling me Mickey, so apparently I was doing all right. And I figured being with a colonel would be a very good place to be when we went on maneuvers, as by then we all knew we were going to.

He began to get ready for maneuvers a couple of weeks or so after I went to work for the Eisenhowers. One evening the Boss and I went over his field gear and he told me how he wanted things taken care of, and what to pack in what. Then, a few days after that, we left Fort Sam and went to Camp Polk in Louisiana. I rode down in a truck with the office staff and the equipment we had to take along. When we got there I lived

in a tent with the office staff and the Boss had quarters in a wooden barracks building. Then I really started being his orderly, or striker, and of course saw a lot of him. I'd go to his room the first thing in the morning and take care of things for him, straightening up his room, finding clean laundry for him, and things like that. It was one of my jobs to see that his uniforms were pressed and his clothes sent to the laundry. And I did odd jobs around the office and drove him sometimes and generally made myself useful. That's an orderly's job—to make himself useful and take care of his boss.

The more I saw of the General, of course, the more I realized I'd been damned lucky to get him for a boss. He was a fine man to work for; he didn't get cranky and fly off the handle and almost always, in those days, he'd have a smile for me when I'd report in the morning. It was almost then, I think, that he began to treat me as a father would, and the rest of the time he always did. My father had died in 1937 and I'd missed him, the way a kid does, and somehow I got to thinking of the Boss as a kind of a substitute father. Of course, first of all he was the Boss, and a great soldier. But he treated me like a father a lot of the time.

The first time was down there in Louisiana. I got to feeling sick one afternoon and was sick most of the night, and when I reported to the Boss in the morning I must have looked it. I hadn't felt up to shaving and I must have looked pretty washed out. The Boss looked at me and didn't smile as he usually did and his voice wasn't very cordial when he said: "Well, Mickey, it looks as if you'd had a rough night."

I said no, sir, it wasn't that; that I'd been sick. He changed right away. He wanted me to lie down on his bed and said he would send for the doctor to come over at once. I told him it was worse when I was lying down.

"All right," he said. "You let the room go and get right over to the dispensary."

I told the General I'd been to the dispensary and that they'd given me some pills, and that the pills hadn't done any good. He didn't like that and he called in his aide, Lieutenant Ernest R. Lee—the same Lieutenant Lee I'd seen when I got the job. He sent Lieutenant Lee over to the doctor to find out what was going on.

I went along and Lieutenant Lee certainly talked to the doctor. He said the Colonel was very upset that all the doctor had done for me was to give me pills which didn't help and that the Colonel would continue to be upset until I had had a thorough examination. Well, I got a thorough examination, all right; about the most thorough I ever got in the Army. The doctor said it was the diet I was getting and ordered me on a diet of poached eggs and milk. The doctor said the food we were getting was bad, and it certainly was. The cooks were using a pound of lard to fry one potato. When the Boss heard about this, two things happened.

The first was that I went on a diet of poached eggs and milk, which the Boss paid for out of his own pocket—and which he saw I got. The second thing was that the Boss went over to the kitchen and raised hell. The food 'got better, and I got pretty unpopular around the mess hall.

Always, when we were traveling around, down there in Louisiana in 1941, and in the many far places we went to later, the Boss would make sure that I was well taken care of before he would turn in himself. A good many times on the maneuvers that summer he offered to share his room with me—if I didn't mind his snoring. I never took him up; I figured I was a soldier and that he couldn't share his room with all the soldiers in the Army, and I suspect he approved of that. But I know

he meant the offer when he made it. And he never let any of the men be imposed upon; he never imposed upon them and he wouldn't let any other officers do it. I remember once down there when we were going into a car park at night and a major was directing the cars in, using a flashlight in the blackout. He directed our car very carefully, and right into a ditch. Then he started to bawl out the man who was driving, a corporal named Wood.

The Boss really got sore at that. He got out of the car and I wouldn't have wanted to be that major. The Boss pointed out that the major was supposed to be directing traffic and that if we were in a ditch—and we sure were in a ditch—the major had put us there, not Wood. The major had to stand there and take it, and it was the sort of thing that made us all proud of the Boss, and glad to be working for him.

That was one of the ways he showed us what kind of a man he was. Another way I remember was when I had a chance to go up in an airplane for the first time, and asked him for permission. The plane was General Walter Krueger's; he had it there for maneuvers and the crew used to take it up when he wasn't using it, I suppose to get in their flying time. They offered me a ride, if I wanted it, and I went to the Boss and asked if it would be all right with him. He said he didn't mind. Then he paused and smiled at me and said:

"How do you think your mother would feel about it, Mickey?"

I said I guessed she wouldn't mind, but he shook his head. He said that, if he were my age, he thought his mother might mind his taking any chance he didn't have to take. He suggested that I'd better write my mother and see how she felt. I did, and she gave me her permission, and then the Boss let me go up. It was

the first time I'd ever flown and I found out I loved it, which was just as well, considering how much I did later.

The General himself loved flying, I found out down there. Every chance he got he'd go up in a Cub plane, flying it himself, with a co-pilot. He had a civilian pilot's license and was pretty good. Of course, for my money, he's pretty good at everything he does.

Feeling the way I was beginning to about the Boss it wasn't hard to turn down a chance I had, just as maneuvers were ending, at what looked like a better job. General Krueger's aide called me in and said the General's driver was sick and was being invalidated out of the Army and asked me if I wanted the job; it carried a sergeant's chevrons. I thanked him, but I said no without hesitating at all. I said I wanted to stay with the Colonel. The General's aide nodded and seemed to agree and said he didn't think I'd be sorry.

Maneuvers lasted two months and then we went back to Fort Sam and the Boss was made brigadier general. There was quite a little celebration then; the Boss took the salute in front of the house—and refused the gun salute because he thought it was a waste of powder—and after that there was a cocktail party for about thirty. I acted as bartender—the first time for the Eisenhowers, or for anybody—and made out all right; it was mostly just mixing Scotch or rye and soda.

The rest of that fall was routine, with things pretty much as they had been before we went on maneuvers, except that I felt more like one of the family. And on December 7 we were loafing around in the barracks and some fellow came in and said the Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor. That sounded fantastic, because Japan was so far from Hawaii. I went to the orderly room and listened to the radio and found out this was it.

It didn't, somehow, come as a great shock or surprise to most of us. Sometime that fall, gradually, most of us had got over our belief that we were going to be in the Army only for a year; sometime along there we began to figure we were going to be in a war. So when it came, we weren't really surprised. The chief thing that worried us was that now we wouldn't get the furloughs we had coming up. I had one coming up. The men who had had their furloughs already rubbed it in, of course; they were the ones who knew that now the rest of us wouldn't get furloughs. The rest of us were afraid they were right.

And that Sunday nothing happened. I listened to the radio; all of us listened to the radio. I stayed close to the barracks in case the General wanted me for something. He didn't want me. When I went to the house the next morning, it was a mad place with Signal Corps men stringing in telephone wires. The General wasn't there. I did the usual chores and in the evening went back to the barracks, and the next day was the same and the day after. I didn't see the General again until the twelfth; I just kept on doing the routine things, and wondering what would happen to all of us. Most of all, of course, I wondered what would happen to me, and whether this ended my being with the Boss. It began to look like it when I heard, the way you hear things in the Army, that he had been called to Washington.

When I saw him on the twelfth it was when he was getting into a plane to go to Washington, and I still didn't know where I was coming out. I drove Mrs. Eisenhower to the airport to see him off. He came out in a staff car. I suppose I stood around where he could see me, because after a while he did and smiled at me and then he said something like "Hello, Mickey. Do

you want to come to Washington with me?" It was something like that he said; I've forgotten the words. I was pretty excited. I said I would certainly appreciate it if he would let me go to Washington with him and he nodded and said all right. He said that as soon as he was set in Washington, where he had been called to take over War Plans, he would send for me. Meanwhile, he said, I was to take good care of Mrs. Eisenhower. I said I sure would. Actually, Mrs. Eisenhower went to Washington on the sixteenth and then on up to West Point to visit their son, John. And on the same day I got my furlough—the boys had been wrong, after all—and went home. It was swell to be home again.

I got back to Fort Sam around the first of February and almost at once my orders came through to report to the General in Washington, driving the Chrysler back. I left on the fourth and got into Washington on the seventh and reported to Mrs. Eisenhower, who was staying with the General at the Wardman Park Hotel. I found a room not far away and then for a while I spent most of my time driving Mrs. Eisenhower around Washington. It was about ten days after I got to Washington that I first really saw the Boss, who was working eighteen to twenty hours a day. Then I drove Mrs. Eisenhower down to the War Department to pick him up. He came out and I was standing by the car, holding the door open. The first thing I thought was that he was more tired looking than I'd ever seen him; all of his face was tired. But he smiled when he saw me, and that did what it always did to his face, even when he was tired. I saluted but he didn't return the salute; instead he held out his hand and said, "Mickey, I'm glad to see you." I hoped he was. His voice was tired, like his face. He got in the car without saying much of anything and all the way back to the hotel he said

almost nothing. He was never talkative, but that day he was very silent.

They stayed at the Wardman Park until the end of March, and I drove Mrs. Eisenhower around Washington, and sometimes drove the General to the War Department. It was during that time that the General, one day, had me come into his office with him and pinned a corporal's chevrons on my sleeve. They didn't match, but he pinned them on and I've still got them. He said there wasn't any reason to thank him for them, when I tried to; he said I'd worked hard for them and deserved them.

The odd thing was that at about that time they put us all—all the drivers—into chauffeurs' uniforms, which looked very much like a civilian chauffeur's uniform. So most of the time when I was driving for the General I didn't get to wear my new chevrons.

At the end of March we moved to Fort Meyer and the Eisenhowers had a house again—another house for Mrs. Eisenhower to fix up. I helped her and we tried to make it the way she wanted it, but she said she never really had a chance to fix up a home the way she wanted it; they were always moving someplace else just as soon as the place they were in began to be fixed so they could really appreciate it. I helped out around the house, much as I had at Fort Sam. The General was working about sixteen hours a day then, and when he got home he wanted to stay home, sitting around the house with his shoes off and reading Westerns. Now and then people came in. I met Harry C. Butcher then; he was an old friend of the General and an official of the Columbia Broadcasting Company. Later I saw a lot of Mr. Butcher, who went into the Navy and became a kind of aide—and company, and friend, and personal public relations officer—to the Boss.

Sometimes the Eisenhowers would have another couple in for bridge. I think, although I've never played bridge, that the Boss is a very good player; I know one of the generals who played with him had played in tournaments and with Culbertson, so he must have been good, and the Boss seemed to hold his end up all right. I've been told, actually, that he's one of the best bridge players in the Army, and I know that in Africa Commander Butcher and the other officers talked a good deal about one hand he played. He made a bid of seven hearts as the opening call and the officer sitting on his left—another general—had two aces and didn't double and my boss made the contract. That, everybody seemed to think, proved that the General was one of the best bridge players ever, but, as I say, I don't play bridge.

A few times while we were at Fort Meyer the Eisenhowers would entertain on Sunday evenings, having perhaps a dozen people in. They would all have a few drinks and sit and talk. Perhaps they would send out for chop suey or chow mein. The General likes Chinese food, but he doesn't like to go out to a restaurant for it; he doesn't like to go to any restaurant for food. He'd rather stay home. Sometimes when I'd bring Mrs. Eisenhower back from Washington—usually from the Soldiers and Sailors Club, where she acted as a hostess—later than usual, perhaps around eight or eight-thirty, the General would already be there. He'd have his tie off, and his shoes off—and no slippers—and we'd all have a glass of milk. Then I'd put the car key in the sideboard, just as I had at Fort Sam, and go back to the barracks.

In the mornings I'd get up around six-thirty and have breakfast and then go over to the house. A good many times when I did I'd meet the General and some other officers walking toward the gate of the reserva-

tion—sometimes they walked all the way in to the War Department—and I would salute and he would salute back and smile and say, "Good morning, Mickey." It was always "Mickey" when there were other officers around or other Army men or when we were by ourselves; only sometimes in front of the servants, or when I was more or less in charge of running the house, as I was later overseas, would he call me "Sergeant."

We knew for quite a while that the Boss wasn't going to stay in Washington; it came to me secondhand, of course, but there were rumors, and once or twice Mrs. Eisenhower said, when I was working in the house or driving her, that she had a feeling the General was going to be the Pershing of this war. He made a trip to England in May and I stayed in Washington, blue at not going with him—and uneasy because I was afraid that might mean I wasn't going with him if he went over to stay a longer time. But he was back from that trip in about two weeks. I tried to find out from Mrs. Eisenhower what she thought my chances of going with him if he went for good were; I said if he was really going to be the Pershing of this war, as he ought to be, I hoped he'd let me go with him. She smiled a little and said she wouldn't worry if she were me.

Then one evening I was in the house and heard the Boss's car stop outside and went to the door to open it for him. He was already inside. He smiled and said good evening, and I said good evening and asked him what kind of a day he had had. He said he was a little tired and then he said:

"Mickey, I'm going to be sent over to London, and I'd like very much to have you come along with me."

I don't remember what I said; I mean I don't remember the words exactly. But there wasn't anything I wanted so much and I guess I said something like

that. Then he wanted to know what my mother would think. It was like the time I'd wanted to go up in the plane. I said, again, that she wouldn't mind.

He said the smart thing for me to do would be to go up to New York and ask her. The alternative to going with him would be, he said, to stay in Washington. He could arrange for me to get a job as one of the drivers in the White House pool. But, of course, he couldn't guarantee I'd stay there.

"You won't have to spend all your time in the mud if you come with me," he told me. "But we'll be in bombing range; it won't be easy."

I knew that. I still wanted to go.

"All right," he said. "Find out how your mother feels about it."

I got a week-end pass—that was the middle of June—and went up to New York. I saw my mother and told her why I was there.

"Do you mean to stand there and tell me you hesitated about it?" she said. "You mean to say you told the General you couldn't make up your mind until you got my permission?"

She didn't seem very pleased with me and I talked fast explaining things; explaining it was the General's idea to ask her, not mine; explaining that I could stay in Washington, at least for a while—and explaining, too, that I'd probably have to go sometime and that this was the best way to go.

She said of course I ought to go; I had written her a good deal about the Boss and she knew what I thought of him. She said it was my job to go with him and do what I could to take care of him. And she said: "Mickey, if he gets hurt and you don't, I won't think much of you." So I went back to Washington and told the General it was all right; my mother thought I ought

to go. I got back to Washington on June 20, and we left on the morning of the twenty-second—a hazy morning, but with enough visibility for the plane to take off from Bolling Field. It was a busy two days, with a lot of packing to do, and I guess I must have been excited. Anyway, the night before we left I closed the last trunk and locked the keys to it, and the foot lockers and everything, up in it. The trunks were hauled off and then Captain Lee—we were all getting promoted in those days; the Boss had become a major general in March and I had got to be a buck sergeant the next month—asked if I had an extra key. I got to thinking and I realized that I didn't have *any* keys. The Captain and I chased around in the car and finally caught up with the trunk, and fortunately he found an extra key somewhere. I guess I was a little excited.

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## CHAPTER

### 3

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WE FLEW TO England in a Stratoliner. General Mark Clark was with us, and Captain Lee and some other officers. I was the only enlisted passenger aboard. After we started and the luggage was aboard—and with it a half case of grapefruit and a half case of oranges the Boss was taking to some British officer—I didn't have much to do. There wasn't anything I could do for the General. He and the other officers talked and played cards and just passed the time and I sort of hung out with the steward. It was the first time I'd flown that far, of course, and the first time I'd ever flown over an ocean. It made me feel a little funny, and nervous. The steward was very calm about it all; he'd been over a lot and was offhand and, in his way, reassuring. His way wasn't, as it turned out, a very good way for me. He said he didn't think we'd be shot down, because very few planes of the type we were in had been shot down. What I wanted was somebody who *knew* we wouldn't be shot down and I kept hoping the steward would go that far, eventually. But he never did; he just kept on saying he didn't *think* anything would happen to us. I didn't think so either, but when you're flying the ocean for the first time, and during a war, you'd like something a little stronger than just a hopeful guess.

We stopped at Gander Lake in Newfoundland and

our stuff was unloaded and loaded and then we went out across the Atlantic, flying very high. I felt like Lindbergh, except of course I was a little later. Nothing happened, except we kept on going, very high and with nothing but water under us, and the officers talked and played cards and after a while it was just a little dull. Maybe it was a little dull for Lindbergh, too. When we got near the U. K. it wasn't so dull, because I kept thinking about those German planes which the steward didn't think were going to shoot us down. I kept on wishing he were a little surer about it until we were over Scotland; until, I guess, we landed at Prestwick and shifted our luggage and reloaded and took off to London. We landed at a field outside London and all our stuff was shifted to a truck and I rode into the old city in a station wagon with the luggage. It seemed very funny to be on the wrong side of the street and not running into anything.

London is a great city but the thing that impressed me most about it when I first saw it was how small everything was. The buildings were small, chiefly—small and old and mostly of stone. And people were riding bicycles; I'd never seen so many bicycles before. That made it seem not like a great city—not like New York—but like some smaller, quieter place. There was almost no civilian motor traffic; just Army cars and taxicabs and the lumbering big busses, which looked a good deal like the Fifth Avenue busses but were clumsier and somehow seemed more top-heavy. A few small cars had gas bags hooked on them and some of the big ones were charcoal burners, which was strange too. So were the bobbies with their helmets. But the thing that struck me most, coming from New York, was that there weren't any really tall buildings; not even in the center of the city.

I didn't then, driving in that first afternoon, really see much bomb damage. Of course, I'd never been in London before, and so I didn't know what had been there and wasn't now. In the center of the city there were gaps where buildings had been, but it only looked as if there had been a number of bad fires some time ago and that they hadn't got around to rebuilding. Everything had been cleaned up since the big raids early in the war, of course. There was a lot of city left.

We went to Claridge's, where there was a suite for the Boss. A colonel met him and told him about the arrangements and said, in passing, that the General's orderly could, after his duties were completed, go over to Greene Street to the barracks there and probably get fixed up for the night. He was casual about it, naturally, I suppose. But the Boss looked at him and wasn't casual at all.

"My sergeant has had a long and trying trip like the rest of us," he said. "I prefer to have him stay here at the hotel for at least a couple of days, until he's had a chance to rest."

The colonel said, "Yes, sir," which is what colonels say to major generals, but I could see he was kind of surprised. I wasn't; I knew the Boss.

But his consideration didn't make it any easier to tell him about the oranges and grapefruit. It's hard to watch everything and be everywhere at once, and it had been a long time since some of the boys at the places we'd stopped had had any fruit. By the time we got to London, it hadn't been so long for a good many of them. My two cases had leaked; they had leaked very badly. I had one crushed grapefruit and one crushed orange; just souvenirs were all they were. I had to tell the General about this and, since he had promised fruit to this officer, he was quite peeved. He didn't say

a great deal, but I could see he was quite peeved. Naturally, being the kind of man he is, he was philosophic about what couldn't be helped, but that didn't mean he liked it—or, for a minute or two, me. But he still didn't say a great deal.

He didn't say a great deal about the suite they had set aside for him, either. It was a sitting room, done in black and gold, and a pink bedroom, and you had to admit it wasn't very cozy; it wasn't at all the sort of place the Boss liked. However, he merely looked at it and said, "Mickey, this looks exactly like a funeral parlor," and then made the best of it. It looked like a funeral parlor, all right. I had a small room in the hotel for a couple of days. It didn't look like anything except a small room in a hotel.

The first evening, after I got the Boss settled, I went over to Greene Street where some of the boys were billeted in private houses. I met some GI's I'd known at Fort Sam—members of the headquarters company who had come over in March. One of them was Staff Sergeant Michael Yanky from Woodside, Long Island, a chap about my size but a hell raiser. I'd known him pretty well and we went out together to look London over. We had some warm beer in a pub. I got quite a kick out of my first visit to an English pub—out of the women barkeeps and the big tap handles and the old cronies' corner where, you could see, the same men met every night in the world and smoked their pipes and drank the warm beer and talked. The beer was a surprise, too; I never got to like the "mild and bitter" but the light ale and lager were pretty much like our beer, only warm. I got so I could drink warm beer, but not so I could like it, except that after all it was beer.

We went to several pubs; Yanky had been there quite a while and knew his way around. One thing that sur-

prised me was the way all the women were smoking; not just the young women, and not just in bars and restaurants, but all the women and wherever they were. It was odd to see women of sixty-five or so walking along the streets with cigarettes hanging from their lips. I just wasn't used to it. And they never seemed to take the cigarette out of their mouths. They just kept them there and let the ashes fall where they happened to. But I'd been a good many places already since I left New York and was getting used, more or less, to things not being what they'd always been. There was the first time I'd eaten real chile con carne in Texas, for example, and thought the inside of my mouth was gone for sure. You get used to things—hot chile and warm beer—and sometimes to like them. I got to like the chile, but I always had to take a drink of water after each mouthful. The beer, no.

Yanky and I went from place to place, just looking at things and drinking a few beers. When it was my turn to pay, I'd hold out a handful of English money and let them take what they wanted; I never knew whether I was paying for just a couple of beers or helping them out with the war debt. The pubs closed at eleven, while it was still light, and then we walked for a while. Yanky took me down Oxford Street for a ways and I kept my eyes open—and began to think this was going to be a hard town to get to know well enough to drive the Boss around in. Then it began to get dark and I figured I'd better get on back to the hotel. Yanky had other ideas. He usually did. So I got into a taxicab, which was an experience—it was older than I thought any car could be; it had a door that slid instead of opening and inside it was like a box. It was dark by then—really dark; darker than I'd ever realized a city could be. But the cabby figured he could get me to

Claridge's all right. I didn't see how he could, with the lights they had to use. I asked him if it would be all right if I lighted a cigarette in the blackout, inside the cab, and he seemed surprised but said it would be all right. The lighted end of a cigarette seemed to me a good deal brighter than the lights he was using, but I figured he was the doctor.

He got me back to the hotel all right, finding his way through the black streets. It was incredible how he could do it—how they all could do it. London was bad enough in daylight; as far as I was concerned it was very nearly impossible and remained that way. But the cabbies and the bus drivers always seemed to know where they were going and how to get there even when they couldn't see.

I got back to Claridge's about midnight or a little after. I got ready for bed, turned off the lights, and opened the blackout curtains and got into bed—and all the air-raid sirens in the world went off together. A few seconds later they started firing guns in the distance—but not in enough distance—and I could hear planes. I thought, "This is it." I thought it would be awfully tough, and also rather silly, to come all this way and get blown up the first night. I got up shivering—it was chilly, although I hadn't noticed it before particularly—and looked out the window. I looked out quite a while, but nothing much seemed to be happening except a lot of noise. I still didn't like the noise but after a time I decided there was no use standing there shivering and so I went back to bed. And soon—well, reasonably soon—I went to sleep.

I woke up in the morning and heard a noise on the window sill and there was a pigeon sitting on the sill and looking at me. I was half asleep and confused as you are when you're half asleep and for a minute I

thought I'd got it during the night. I don't know quite how I worked it out—something about the Dove of Peace was involved in it somewhere. However it was, that pigeon scared me; scared me much more than the sirens had, really, or the not quite distant enough gunfire. I just lay there for a second and stared at the pigeon and thought: "This is *really* it." The pigeon stared back at me.

I suppose it was really only a few seconds before I was wide enough awake to be pretty sure it was just a pigeon, and not a symbol—not really the Dove of Peace. But just to be sure I yelled at it. It looked a little surprised for a moment and then took off. Then I was really sure I wasn't in Limbo after all, but in Claridge's in London, so I got up and dressed and went to the mess hall in Greene Street for breakfast. I had fried eggs and bacon, fruit juice, burned bread, and coffee—a very good standard GI breakfast. Then I went back to the hotel and inquired around to find out what the Boss could have for breakfast. I found he could have porridge, fish, and fried potatoes. I went up to his room then—it was about a quarter after seven—and he was still in bed but awake. He smiled and said good morning, and then he asked me how I'd slept.

I said I'd slept all right and then, as casually as I could, that the sirens had made a lot of noise. He agreed they had made a lot of noise, but he said they hadn't kept him awake. I said they hadn't kept me awake either, which was true enough. I didn't tell him about the pigeon. Then he asked me to order breakfast and I told him what there was for breakfast. He didn't look so cheerful then and said that the idea of fish and fried potatoes didn't appeal to him. So he had just porridge and toast with marmalade and some coffee. While he was eating the porridge, and I was picking up around

the room, he asked me if I had had breakfast. I said I had and that it was good; I told him it was fried eggs and bacon and the rest. He looked at his porridge and then he looked off across the room and said:

“You know, sometimes I wish I were a GI.”

I told him that the next morning, if he liked, I'd figure out some way to bring him one of my eggs. After all, it couldn't get any colder on the way to the hotel than it was at the mess; the eggs were, by the time we got them, as cold as they were going to get. He looked a little wistful, I thought, but he shook his head and said no, he couldn't be stealing the men's food. I knew he'd say that, of course; I'd found out how he felt in matters like that. Later he let me bring him a little sugar from the mess, but that was all he would do.

Things were difficult in London in those days and it was hard to get the Boss things he liked to eat. In a good many cases it was impossible; you couldn't get fried egg sandwiches or homemade doughnuts or the kind of graham cracker pie—a custard pie with a crust made out of graham crackers—that he liked. He ate at the mess at headquarters during that period in London and I don't suppose he got very many of the things he likes, although I suppose he got plenty of tea with milk, which is one of his favorite drinks. He drinks his coffee black, with sugar—when he can get it, as he couldn't always, then, in London. He likes all kinds of cheeses and raw onions in vinegar and mushrooms fried in butter with chopped bacon. He liked those as a savory. He isn't much on potatoes, which is very different from the way I am. I can eat potatoes at any meal, including breakfast. He likes mush with chicken gravy, which was something he couldn't get in London, and hominy grits, which were something he couldn't get anywhere overseas with any regularity.

He couldn't get them, that is, except one time—much later than the time I'm remembering now; in France after the invasion and when we were in Versailles. Then he had Bing Crosby and some other people who were doing a swell job for the USO to lunch and he told Bing about the lack of hominy grits. Bing said he'd take care of that and when he got back to the States he said in a radio broadcast that the Supreme Commander couldn't get hominy grits and asked his listeners to send him some. He must have very responsive listeners, because very soon we began to get hominy grits. We got them in boxes and in cases; the whole place was piled up with hominy grits. We must have got a ton of the stuff and we had to give it to mess halls. I don't know how the GI's liked that, because it isn't everybody who feels the way my boss does about hominy grits. I think they're a poor substitute for potatoes, myself. But anyway, we had them. And the General said that was the last time he'd ever tell anybody in radio that he wanted anything.

In London, that first time, it didn't do much good to tell anybody you wanted things—even Bing couldn't have got our laundry back, or got the General the kind of breakfast he wanted at Claridge's. The laundry was a particular problem during the first few days, when we were still waiting for the trunk and the foot lockers to come and the General was living out of the suitcase he had brought with him. I was too, for that matter, but it was more important about the General. He has to have clean clothes, just as he has to have a bath every day. I like things that way too, but I don't suppose I feel quite as strongly about it as the Boss does.

So when he started running out of clean socks and underwear, I figured it was up to me to do something about it. I washed out some things in the bathroom,

doing all right as far as I could tell, and then realized I'd have to iron the underwear, even if I didn't iron the socks. I borrowed an iron from one of the maids and then looked around for a place to do the ironing on. There was a big glass-topped table in the Boss's suite and I decided that would be all right. I put a cloth over it and started ironing and for a while everything went fine. Then there was a loud cracking noise; a very loud cracking noise. I took the cover off and that glass top was certainly broken up. Apparently it hadn't been such a good place to iron on after all.

It was obvious I couldn't just leave things as they were, so I took the top out in pieces and put the pieces in a flower box outside the window. That left the table without a top; and I thought that the General ought to have a glass-topped table if anybody did. I scouted around and found a fine table with a glass top, just the same size, in Captain Lee's room. I took it off and put it on the General's table and waited.

The strange thing is that nothing else ever happened. Captain Lee never said anything about it; the hotel never said anything about it; and of course I didn't. Perhaps I shouldn't now, because maybe Claridge's has been looking for the guy who broke the table. I suppose they, at least, must have noticed it, eventually.

Otherwise, our first days in London were pretty much routine. The General would get up and dress and shave himself—and now and then say, "Damn it!" when he cut himself—and I'd see that he had clothes as fresh as I could get them, and that his shoes were shined, and then he'd walk to headquarters. I'd stay around the suite part of the time, picking up and seeing that nobody was snooping around. It was guarded, of course, and gone over periodically to see that nobody slipped in dictaphones, but I liked to keep an eye on it too.

Naturally, I couldn't stay there all the time; I had to go around and find out where the various offices of headquarters were; I had to get myself set at Greene Street, where I moved after a couple of days at the hotel. Most of all, I had to try to find my way around London, so I could drive the General where he wanted to go.

The deeper you got into the city, the more you saw what the people had been through. In the heart of London I saw some pretty desperate-looking sights—blocks of houses and stores leveled to the ground. When you saw sights like those, you got a feeling of real pity—and of wonder too, at the way those people had stood up to it during six months of air raids. You had to admire them.

I never did find out how to get around their city. I got to know a few places and how to get to them. I got so I could get around pretty well on the subway and I found out odds and ends about how people were living in London in those days. They weren't living well; they were standing in queues and they looked tired. They liked us all right, and were curious about us, but they were reserved. They seemed a very proud people to me and I suppose all of us from the States, although in a way they must have been glad to have us there, didn't make life any easier for them. We did things that bothered them—little things and, I suppose, big things. One of the little things was the way we tipped where they didn't—barbers, for example. And one of the things which confused me was that you couldn't simply walk into a barbershop and get taken in turn; you could be there three or four hours before anybody said, "Next!" I found out after a while that in most of the shops you had to make appointments in advance, which

wasn't anything I'd ever done—or that most of the GI's had ever done.

But mostly what confused me was London itself—the way the streets twisted and turned; the whole layout of that great, sprawling town. I never did get used to it. After I had been there a month I was in about as much of a haze about it as I was during those first days. This didn't make me very useful as a chauffeur. Now and then I drove some. One night I drove Lieutenant Commander Butcher back from somewhere and was lost for hours. He didn't say anything about it, so I didn't, and when I finally found the hotel and drove up and stopped he still didn't say anything. So I went around and woke him up. I did tell him it was a little later than it should be, but since he apparently had been asleep the whole time, I didn't go into much detail. I was glad I'd finally got him back, and he should have been too.

Most of the driving was done by the girls of the ATC—the Auxiliary Transport Corps—who were British hired by the Americans to offset the scarcity of drivers who knew their way around. Miss Kay Summersby was the ATC driver assigned to the General most of the time; she was a tall, attractive person and very pleasant and she and the General became good friends. I think she was relaxing to him; she didn't talk about the war, or the war's strategy; she was just a friendly person who would sometimes help make up a bridge game with Commander Butcher and somebody else. Commander Butcher was always trying to think of means to get the General to relax.

Instead of driving, I stayed around headquarters a good deal, doing things people wanted done. Captain Lee and Commander Butcher, too, often had me do little things, and I was glad to. But we all had to be

careful that I wasn't doing something for somebody else when the General wanted me. I was his orderly, and he didn't want anybody to forget it—most of all me. I was supposed to see that I was around when he called, and not off on an errand he didn't know about. I slipped up a few times, and that wasn't good. When he stood in the middle of the living room in some house we were living in and yelled, "Mickey!" he wanted me to be around where I could hear him. If I was around I could hear him all right. He has a big voice when he wants to use it, and when he called me he seemed to want to use it.

The General only stayed at Claridge's about a week. Then he moved to the Dorchester, which was more modern. The General never liked living in a hotel, but I suppose he liked the suite he and Commander Butcher had at the Dorchester as well as anything he could get in a hotel. For one thing, the living room had a fireplace and it was cool enough, even at the beginning of July, to have a fire now and then—when we could find wood, which was scarce too. The General loves an open fire, not so much for the warmth as to look at. He loves to sit in front of a fire and just look into it, and it is handy to throw his cigarette butts into. He always throws them into a fireplace if there's one around. At Fort Sam and later at Fort Meyer, there were artificial fireplaces with imitation logs, and he threw his cigarette butts into them just the same. Mrs. Eisenhower didn't approve of that; at both places my first duty in the morning was to sweep the butts out of the fireplace.

The General hasn't much use for ash trays at any time, really. He knocks the ash off his cigarette by tapping his hand against something—the arm of a chair, the edge of his desk—and he believes that cigarette ashes are good for carpets. Mrs. Eisenhower doesn't share that belief; I suppose it's something men believe much

oftener than women do. Since the General usually manages to get through about three packs of cigarettes a day, there are a good many ashes—and a good many butts. The fireplace at the Dorchester, which was real, was very convenient.

It was a three-room suite he had there—two bedrooms and a living room. The other bedroom was for Commander Butcher, of course.

I was never very clear about Commander Butcher's job. He was in the Navy, but he did not, so far as I know, act officially as a liaison officer with the Navy. He acted as an aide, chiefly—aide and friend. He was a companion for the Boss—somebody to talk to, somebody to argue with. I know Commander Butcher—almost everybody called him Butch, just as they called Captain Lee "Tex," but I didn't, although I do think of the Commander as "Butch"—used to argue a good deal with the Boss, intentionally giving him another point of view. He used to make suggestions for the General's speeches; he would advise about the release of pictures of the General; he would help the Boss with the newspaper people, a lot of whom he knew. He was the General's personal public relations officer, in a way. But most of all he was the General's friend. So as soon as it could be arranged, they got a suite so that the Commander could be around all the time when the General wanted him.

All the time we were in London that time, and we were there until October, the General kept the suite at the Dorchester, which was within walking distance of headquarters. But in August he got a house—a little house in Kingston, about ten miles from London. It was called Telegraph Cottage and of all the houses we lived in, I think the General liked it best. At first we went out week ends, but it was so easy to get to, and

the General grew so fond of it, that by the time the summer was over we were pretty much living there.

The house was on high ground and once it had been part of the semaphore network through England; that was why they called it Telegraph Cottage. There was a hedge around the grounds and inside it was private. It wasn't a big house—there were three bedrooms and a bath, a big living room with a fireplace, a dining room, and a kitchen with an old-fashioned coal-burning range. We had good times there, the Boss and Commander Butcher and I. On Sundays the General would get into old uniform trousers and a khaki shirt and the Commander would put on slacks and a white shirt—and a canvas golf jacket and a fedora hat—and they would knock golf balls around in the big yard. The General preferred that to playing on the couple of regular courses which weren't too far away. They'd practice driving and I'd get the balls and bring them back. Sometimes the three of us would play catch. The General liked that; he used to play a lot of baseball and for a while, I've heard, he played semipro ball. He has a couple of crooked fingers that I'm told go back to those days.

At Telegraph Cottage we had a couple of colored boys—Moaney and Hunt—as cook and waiter. And after a while we had Telek. Telek was—Telek still is—a black Scotty, given to the Boss by his staff. Telek was quite a pup; his father must have been a Dead-End Kid. He could think of more things to do, for the most part things which didn't need doing, than any dog I ever ran into. Like taking the logs out of the fireplace, after I had laid the fire, and spreading them all over the living room.

(Once I was passing the door of the living room and suddenly the Boss shouted, in his big voice: "You stop

that, Mickey!" I was a little startled, because I wasn't doing anything, so I went into the living room and asked the General if he had called me. He looked a little surprised and said no, he was just talking to Telek. Telek had been pulling logs out of the fireplace. I don't know that I was flattered very much; still, it showed I was in the General's mind, anyway.)

All that summer and into the fall we knew, of course, that we were getting ready to go somewhere. We didn't know where; I mean, naturally, that I didn't know where. The Boss did, and of course Butch did. It was a summer of conferences for the Boss; in London at headquarters, in the Dorchester at lunches and dinners, and sometimes at Telegraph Cottage. Perhaps if I had tried to I might have picked up enough from little things I could have overheard to get a pretty fair idea of what was coming. But I never tried to find things out, then or later. In a sense, really, I tried not to. I figured that what the Boss wanted me to know, he'd tell me.

Sometimes when I was driving him, with Butcher or with another General, it would have been easy to listen in. But when I found I was being tempted I'd hum to myself or something so I wouldn't listen. I wouldn't have got the whole story; I'd only have got confusing bits, which might have added up to a wrong picture. And, without meaning to, I might have let something drop when I was with the other GI's that there wasn't any sense in having spread around. If I didn't know anything, I couldn't spread it. I played it that way all through the war; for the most part the rumors I heard were just the rumors all the GI's heard and what I knew about the war was what most of the GI's knew about the war.

I did know, generally, early that autumn that we were going somewhere south. And it wasn't true, as the

newspapers said, that as the time came closer for us to jump off the General sent me out to buy heavy winter underwear and other cold-weather gear to make the Germans think we were going to invade through Norway. At least, I don't remember anything like that, and I would. The General told me, actually, that we were going to a warm climate. Later I found out that this was, a lot of the time, an optimistic way of looking at the climate in North Africa.

A few things stick out in memory, aside from the general things—Telegraph Cottage and playing catch in the yard; driving the General and sometimes his guests; watching Telek (who was named, in some fashion not altogether clear to me, after Telegraph Cottage) haul logs out of the fireplace and bury bones in the vegetable and flower gardens we had there in Kingston; trying to get the things the Boss wanted before he had to ask for them and being always close enough to hear that big voice yell: "Mickey!" There was the time that the Boss, with General Thomas Jefferson Davis, his adjutant, Lieutenant Commander Butcher, and some other officers inspected the enlisted men's mess in Greene Street. I remember what we had that day in August—roast pork, mashed potatoes, brown gravy, applesauce, coffee, and apple pie. The Boss and the other officers went through the mess line and the Boss liked the food. He said we ate a hell of a lot better than the officers did, and went out to the kitchen and congratulated the cook, who was surprised. He also inspected the kitchens, as he always did.

His inspections of the kitchens, incidentally, were always very thorough. He'd examine the pots and pans and the tables and knives. Sometimes he'd have the iceboxes opened and if he saw some beef there he'd sometimes pull off a piece and eat it, raw. And once:

one of the GI's in a kitchen saw him and yelled: "My God, he eats raw meat!" He did eat raw hamburger sandwiches, with an onion, when he could get them, but he didn't usually go around eating raw meat in chunks.

And another thing I remember, not very happily, was one time the Boss went to Chequers to visit Prime Minister Churchill and I packed for him and forgot to include his pajamas. When the Prime Minister's man unpacked he couldn't find any pajamas, naturally enough, so he gave the Boss one of the P. M.'s night-shirts. It didn't fit very well, as you can imagine. About two o'clock that morning the General woke up out of a terrible dream about somebody strangling him. Something was—the Churchill nightgown had worked up until it was around his neck and he was all tangled up in it choking. He got it off and slept the rest of the night in the raw.

I heard about this—from the Boss and from some other people who were along—when they got back. The Boss thought it was funny by that time. But he said that, when he woke up with that big nightgown choking him, and realized why he was in that spot, all he wanted to do was to get his hands on Mickey McKeogh. He has awfully big hands, too.

As the time for beginning the North African invasion got closer, there were a good many inspection trips mixed in with the conferences. We'd go to Scotland in the special train which had been put at his disposal, taking cars with us. One of them was a bulletproof Daimler which the boss called his Al Capone car and which had a peculiar electric drive I could never get used to, so that it was usually driven by Sergeant Leonard D. Dry, who joined us that summer as a chauffeur and was with us the rest of the way. We also

had a Packard. If we could—if the distance wasn't too great—we'd go all the way by car. But we made several trips to Scotland which required the train, and a few times the Boss got to do a little fishing. One of them, in the fall just before we left England, took us to Dundee, where we watched landing exercises from LCI's. We parked in the rain and mud in an open field and got mired down. I was driving and couldn't get her out.

Officers in the other cars got out to watch, and the Boss got out too. Then he looked around and all at once he said:

"It seems to me there are a lot of fat-looking officers around here. This is as good a time as any to get a little exercise. Let's get this car out of here."

They did, too—brigadiers and colonels pushed and strained, about six of them, and the Boss himself took a hand. I stayed inside at the wheel and we got out. But it was a funny sight to see brigadiers, especially, pushing and pulling in the mud.

The Boss himself was a lieutenant general by then. And I was a staff sergeant. We went along together; I told somebody then that every time he got me a promotion, I got him one. And that got into the newspapers.

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## CHAPTER

# 4

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WE LEFT ENGLAND on the morning of November 1, flying from Bournemouth in a convoy of B-17's, and starting in the rain. Fifteen hours later we came down at Gibraltar—came down on what seemed to me a runway that was a lot too short. When the plane I was in stopped, we had only about ten feet left to go, which I thought was cutting it fine. What I thought of when I first saw Gib from the air was what every American thinks of, I guess—the Prudential Life Insurance Company.

On Gib, the General stayed in the house of the governor general and I shared a room there with Sergeant Jock Telfer, a Scot who thought Americans were all right—as good, anyway, as they could be without being Scotch. The house was in the middle of the town—a little town full of shops, mostly Spanish; a town where, for some reason I was never clear about, they didn't allow automobiles to sound their horns, so that everybody slapped the sides of their cars to make warning signals; a town where Scotch whisky was ten shillings a bottle and there was fruit and you could buy steaks. I had a window from which I could see the street and I used to sit by it and watch the drunken sailors staggering along the narrow streets. I stayed pretty close to

the house for the first few days because I thought the Boss might want me.

He spent most of his time at headquarters, which were in a tunnel under the rock. The officers were half a mile in from the entrance in the dock area. You walked down a long corridor through the rock, with lights strung along the roof, and finally you came to British and American MP's. You had to satisfy them you belonged there, and they were very careful. When you got there, there were eighteen hundred feet of rock over you, which was consoling when you thought of the possibility of air raids.

Actually, there seemed to be very little bomb damage on Gib. The Germans mostly missed it and bombed Spain, and the antiaircraft was very good. The eighteen-hundred-foot elevation helped that, of course. I got to look around Gib quite a bit after the first few days, because it turned out that the Boss spent an increasing amount of his time in the tunnel. I would climb up the winding road which led toward the top of the rock and watch the rock apes, which behaved much as monkeys do everywhere. It was an interesting place to be, but we all knew we wouldn't be there long.

- The day before our invasion of North Africa started, the Boss went to the tunnel early and I took down a cot and the blankets for him in case he got a chance to sleep. I was in and out that day, and into the night; then I went back to the governor general's house and listened to the radio—the French radio—tell about the invasion. I knew it was talking about the invasion because the announcer kept talking about General "Dweet" Eisenhower. That was about all I got out of it, so about four o'clock in the morning I turned the radio off and started to go to sleep. As if they had been waiting for that, the air-raid sirens went off, and then

out in the yard there was the most terrific explosion I'd ever heard. I pulled the covers over my head and waited for the roof to fall in. It didn't; they had just fired the Zet gun, which threw up a tangle of wires for the enemy planes to fly into, but it was about the biggest—and nearest—noise I had heard. There was only one enemy plane, as it turned out, and it didn't do any damage, or make any noise you could compare with that Zet gun's.

I didn't see much of the General for the next few days. I was around the offices the night after the invasion started. General Giraud was there and anybody could tell there was a big argument on. General Giraud and his staff would have a conference with the Boss and his staff, and then they would go off and have a conference by themselves and then come back and have another general conference and then break up again. It went on most of the night and about all I knew was that it was a big argument about whether General Giraud was to lead the invasion from then on. I didn't get the little points, but the main point seemed to be that he wasn't going to, and didn't like it. I was just another GI standing around, not in it really, but just knowing my boss would come out on top and that he was the best man in the world to lead the invasion.

The General went to Africa with Lieutenant Commander Butcher on November 17. The next day I went with the office staff, Major Lee—he'd been a major for a couple of months—and the rest. We stopped at Oran to pick up fighter escort for our C-47 and then went on into Algiers. We got there about five o'clock in the evening, landing at Maison Blanche field, and you could see the war had passed that way. The field had been shot up, runways and hangars bombed. It didn't make me feel any too happy. When we had loaded our equipment into the truck I asked the driver if there were

many air raids. He said there were a good many. He said we'd just missed one by an hour. That didn't make me feel any better. We drove into Algiers and there were plenty of signs of fighting—burned-out trucks and tanks, rubble in the streets, big holes. We were catching up with the war, I thought.

Algiers itself wasn't too badly bombed, except in the dock area. It had been hit hard, and they kept on hitting it for weeks. But that evening nothing was happening and we got to headquarters, which were in the St. George Hotel. It had been a nice hotel once; now it looked as headquarters always look—hurried and busy, and with telegraph wires looped all around, fastened to whatever the Signal Corps boys found handiest.

The General was in his office. He looked very worn and tired, and he looked angry. He smiled for a moment, but the smile came and went very fast. He told me to get his stuff, which had come in the truck, up to the house and to try to get things fixed up enough there so he could spend the night in it. He said he hadn't had much sleep the night before because the planes and the guns, and the cracking of the walls, kept him awake. It began to look as if we had really caught up with the war.

Lieutenant Commander Butcher took us to the house they had found for the General. It was only his second trip. There was a complete blackout and it was raining. We got lost and drove past the house several times without knowing it, and went into wrong driveways and backed out in the rain. But finally we found it and we unloaded the General's personal gear and carried it in. The office equipment stayed in the truck and they took it back to headquarters. It had taken us almost an hour to find the house, and we found out later it was only about fifteen minutes on foot from headquarters.

The house was a big villa and it turned out to be a beautiful place, although the Boss never really liked it. He thought it was too big. Telegraph Cottage was about the size he liked. He had to have a big house in Algiers, because as time went on we entertained a lot; as the war went on we entertained a lot in all the different houses he lived in. But he never liked any of them as well as he liked Telegraph Cottage. Perhaps if he and Mrs. Eisenhower and I could have fixed up even the big houses he would have liked them better; he always, when he moved into a new house, speculated on how Mrs. Eisenhower would like it, and what she, with us helping her, could have done to fix it up. He spoke of Mrs. Eisenhower a great deal, of course. He missed her a great deal.

That first night he got to the house about eleven o'clock and he wasn't interested in it, although he did glance around and say it was pretty big. What he wanted was sleep. He asked me what I thought of the place and I said I thought we could make it comfortable and he said, "All right," and turned in.

It was certainly a big house. There was a library, a living room, a music room, a parlor, a dining room, a kitchen, seven bedrooms, and two bathrooms, and quarters in the basement for some of the staff. I slept in a kind of cloakroom at first on a makeshift bed. Telek slept there too; actually, it was more Telek's room and he let me share it. Later I got a room without Telek, but not for a few days.

General Mark Clark was sharing the house and he had a colored orderly named Chaney; a regular Army man. Chaney showed me where to bunk and he grinned and said he sure hoped I had a peaceful night. He didn't speak as if he thought his hopes were going to come true.

They didn't. About midnight all hell broke loose. It was a real raid, concentrated on the dock area, and it was more noise than I'd ever heard before in my life. There were planes all over, from the sound, and bombs going off all over and antiaircraft guns seemed to be everywhere. It kept up almost all night and nobody got much sleep. The General looked almost as tired in the morning when I took him his coffee as he had the night before. When I asked him he said he hadn't had much sleep; he said how could he, with all that noise? That was, except for one other time, about all he ever said about air raids. They were noisy and kept him awake. Otherwise he didn't pay much attention. Sometimes a raid would come while he was eating dinner and the guests would all get up and go look out. He didn't, usually. He'd say he'd be damned if he was going to let the Germans interfere with his dinner and he'd go on eating.

He didn't, actually, say just "Damn." I suppose everybody knows he uses a good deal of profanity, because there have been items about it in the newspapers. He does, although it isn't the kind of talk a good many men use in the Army. His profanity is pretty clean. But there were references to it in newspapers, and one nice lady out in Texas wrote him a letter about it; she said he ought to pray, instead of cursing. The General was sort of annoyed by that, and hurt, too. He said: "Damn it"—but he didn't, really, say just "Damn it"—"Damn it, I don't curse. I just use some words as adjectives." That was true, but I don't suppose the lady in Texas would have understood that it made a difference.

But air raids didn't make him swear, particularly. They just kept him awake, as they did everybody else. The only time he ever said anything about the other side of it—about the way I suppose we all felt when they

were dropping bombs, which after all weren't just noise—happened there in Algiers, a few weeks later. I suppose I might as well tell about it now.

It was during a very severe raid, one of the biggest we had. It started at night, as most of them did, but I hadn't gone to bed. I was in the dining room writing letters and the General was upstairs in his room. We were the only people in the house, I think.

The raid started big; all hell really broke loose. I turned out the lights and went out on the porch to watch. It was a good place to watch from. We could look down on the dock area from a kind of reserved seat, and see it all. I watched for a time and it was pretty tremendous. There were a lot of planes and a lot of bombs and all the flak in the world going up—and coming down. Some of it was coming down not very far away, it seemed to me. I was about ready to go on back in, when the General came out. He came out and stood near me and we both watched for maybe a couple of minutes, without saying anything. The flak kept on going up and coming down and after a while the Boss spoke. He didn't speak loudly; his voice was very quiet, really.

"There's no use staying out here on the porch, Mickey," the Boss said. "We might as well go inside."

I thought so too. I'd been thinking so for quite a while. He went in first, of course, but I was right behind him. I wasn't running or anything, but I was right behind him, and somehow a chair I'd forgotten about got in the way and I knocked it over. That embarrassed me. I said I was sorry and then I said, because there was no point in trying to hide it, that maybe I was a little nervous.

"Maybe," I said, "I'm a little scared, sir."

We'd closed the blackout curtains and got the lights back on by then, and he smiled a little.

"That's all right," he said. "Probably, Mickey, I'm as nervous and scared as you are."

I don't think he was. I noticed he hadn't knocked over any chairs. But it was a nice thing to say. And then he went on. I don't remember his exact words, but he said that when there was something to make you nervous, it was better for there to be two people, instead of only one. He said when there were two, each one would try not to let the other see he was nervous and scared, and that made it better for both. I don't remember that he ever said anything else about people being frightened in war. I suppose he said that for my benefit, because nobody would ever have thought he was scared himself that night, or any other time I ever saw him.

The first two weeks at Algiers were very busy for me. I was almost everything for a while—assistant cook, waiter, mess sergeant, chauffeur—all in one. I didn't drive the Daimler, which had been sent along from England, because I never really got the hang of the trick gear shift. I'd think I had it—and then I'd put the thing in reverse, when we were going forward. So pretty soon, by general agreement, I didn't drive the Daimler. But it was one of the few things I didn't do.

Probably the most important thing I did was to find food for the house. There wasn't much in North Africa then, and it was pretty poor. But I made a deal with one of the troop transports and got eggs and meat and coffee and butter from it, and I found and rented a freezing compartment in a cold-storage warehouse and gradually, by keeping my eyes open and keeping at it, I kept the Boss and the rest of us pretty well fed. After a few days we got a waiter, a colored boy from Dallas

named Henry Clay Williams, and that helped as far as I was concerned. And Lieutenant Commander Butcher and a French liaison officer found rugs, furniture, lamps, and things like that to finish furnishing the villa, which wasn't really furnished when we moved in. Gradually the place got to feeling more homelike, and the General got to liking it better. I suppose it was never like Mrs. Eisenhower would have made it, but it was the best we could do, and the General realized that.

It didn't keep him from missing her and their son, of course. He missed them all during the war, but he didn't talk much about it, really. Now and then he would let things drop, as we all would. He knows how other men feel; he knew we missed our people the same way he missed his, and that there was no use any of us getting moody about it. But you could tell how he felt.

I used to write Mrs. Eisenhower every couple of weeks, telling her how the Boss was and sometimes asking her to send little things I knew he needed—like clothing and a kind of dehydrated noodle soup we all liked and Nescafé and more Western stories, preferably with a lot of shooting in them. It was sort of funny, considering the amount of shooting we were getting most nights, that he still wanted stories full of six-shooters and bar-room brawls, but he did. Max Brand's stories were particular favorites of the General's. He didn't insist on that sort of thing in movies; he liked comedies, too—Abbott and Costello, Frank Morgan, Bing Crosby, and Betty Hutton are favorites of his. He never liked war pictures because they were full of nonsense, and he didn't like tear jerkers or pictures with too much love in them. Of course, he realized that some

love is necessary in any story, but he didn't like it rubbed in too hard.

Mrs. Eisenhower would send these things, and write me little letters telling me to take care of the General. I tried to, and I hope I did. But there was a while there in Algiers when there seemed to be a good many people to take care of. We began to have visitors about the time we got the place fixed up, and we had a lot of them. One of the first was General Patton, who, for my money, was a fine gentleman and a great soldier. He visited us late in November, and he and the Boss had a long discussion in the living room. He was only there that one night that time, and I had to waken him before five o'clock the next morning so he could get an early start. He was already up, and shaving in cold water by a flashlight. I said I would close the blackout curtains so that he could have some light and he said, "Hell, Sergeant, I'm used to this sort of stuff," and went on shaving.

He had a strange, high little voice, and it always surprised you. It was as if you were driving along and heard something behind you go "Peep! Peep!" and turned around thinking maybe it was somebody on a bicycle and found that what was behind you was a Greyhound bus or a Mack truck. That was General Patton's voice; if you had your back to him and heard him speak you'd think, "There's Caspar Milquetoast." And instead it was General Patton, who was a great soldier. There was a lot of talk later when he slapped that GI, but it always seemed to me that if the GI had battle fatigue, why couldn't General Patton have had it too? He'd certainly been in a lot of battle.

By Thanksgiving we were pretty well shaken down in the Algiers house and I had made arrangements with the manager of the St. George to get a turkey for

the General's dinner. And then, on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, we went up to visit the British command post at Constantine. That was a day that started badly and kept right on behaving badly. It was cold and rainy, of course—regular trip weather. We got up before five in the morning and the gas stove wouldn't light. So we had to make coffee and cook eggs over the open fire in the living room. I felt like a boy scout, and not a very efficient one.

After breakfast we started out in the rain. The Boss and General Clark rode in the Daimler with Sergeant Dry driving and Chaney and me huddled up on the back of a weapon carrier, along with bedding rolls, barracks bags, boxes, and a tommy gun I took along. Chaney had a '03 rifle. There wasn't much room and it was cold and wet, and I started to regret that I hadn't learned how to drive that Daimler, trick shift or not.

We were quite a convoy: the Daimler, our weapons carrier, three jeeps, and two scout cars. The scout cars went fine downhill and all right on level. But going uphill they couldn't get much above twenty, and there were a lot of hills. It's 265 miles from Algiers to Constantine. Around noon, with most of the trip still ahead of us, we stopped and had C rations. Then we went on.

It was a bad trip all the way. By dark we were still a good ways out of Constantine. One of the cars had run down and killed a little Arab boy. We had run over and killed two dogs. And then, when we were about an hour out of Constantine, one of the scout cars ran off the road in the blackout and ditched itself. The boys in it were shaken up, but nobody was much hurt. One of the jeeps went ahead and overtook the Daimler and told the Boss; the convoy stopped and General Clark came back to see what had happened. Later I found out that the Boss was upset because he was afraid I had been

in the accident, and asked General Clark to go back and see. But nobody was hurt and we hauled the scout car out of the ditch and went groping on in the dark.

We got to Constantine, finally. The British CP had moved on from there during the day.

General Clark is a determined man. He persuaded the Boss we ought to go on and catch up with it. So we went on, for a while. But along in the middle of the night, in a little town somewhere, we gave it up. I never knew why. The generals were put up overnight in a house and we camped by the side of the road. It was still cold and wet. We built a fire and just had it going well when the air-raid sirens started and a fire warden, speaking English we could hardly understand but speaking it good and loud, came running along and when he saw the fire he almost had a fit. So we had to put the fire out. After a while, one plane came along, flying very low and very fast. I have always thought it was an American plane, at that. But our fire was out by then and we were too tired and cold and wet and generally miserable to start it up again. We just turned in as well as we could, and waited for morning.

In the morning we turned around and went back to Algiers, never having got anywhere that I could see. We got back to Algiers late that night, and all our Thanksgiving dinner—all our meals—had been C ration. “All right,” I thought, “we’ve still got the turkey,” so the first thing the next morning I went over to the hotel for it. They brought it out and I looked at it. I said, “What is it?” and they said it was the turkey. It was about the size of a pigeon; just a medium-sized pigeon. They come as big on the roofs around New York. I took it, and then went around digging up chickens. I got enough chickens, finally, so we had a chicken dinner the

second night after Thanksgiving. I gave the turkey to the laundress and even she couldn't use it.

But Chaney and I got a couple of bottles of champagne and the General insisted we drink with them, a Thanksgiving toast. You can guess what it was: that we all have Thanksgiving dinner in our own homes the next year. I don't suppose any of us thought it would come true. It was a toast to a dream.

We made many trips after that, some better and at least one worse. We learned a lot about making trips; I learned most of it from the Boss—and from experience. He told us there were three things necessary on any trip in war areas: water, rations, and toilet paper. And one time, when we were making a trip in a couple of cars, Sergeant Dry and I put our rations in one car and it got far ahead of us when the Boss decided to stop for lunch. I got out his sandwiches and tomato juice and he started to eat.

Dry and I didn't start to eat. We just sat there in the front seat, feeling hungry. The Boss noticed it, of course; he always noticed how we were getting on. Then we weren't getting on at all and he noticed that and asked why. I told him.

"A good soldier never lets his food get away from him," he said. "If he does he deserves to go hungry." He sounded as if he meant it, all right, and I said, "Yes, sir."

And then, of course, he divided his sandwiches and tomato juice into three portions and we all ate. But he meant what he said about not letting food get away from you, and after that we were a lot more careful.

On all these trips—on all the inspection trips he ever took when I was with him—the biggest point he made was that we had to be punctual. Being punctual meant for him, usually, getting where he was supposed to be

at least ten minutes before he was supposed to be there. He had a real horror of keeping other people waiting. He was especially determined not to keep officers in the field waiting for him, and men he was going to inspect. If there was a formal inspection, he knew that the boys would be lined up a long time before, so as to be ready; he didn't want them standing there waiting for him. Never while I was with him did he keep any of the boys waiting. He preferred, really, not to have formal inspections at all. He always said he would much rather see the men working or eating or fighting—not prettied up to be looked at by a general.

He liked to stop and talk to the GI's. He'd ask them where they were from and how they were making out, how the food was, what they did in civilian life, and what their jobs were in the Army. He was always looking for boys from Kansas, and especially for boys from Abilene. He found boys from Kansas, and sometimes boys who lived near Abilene, or had been in Abilene. But he never actually got to talk to any boy from Abilene, although once he just missed it. It was during an inspection somewhere—I don't remember where—and I was sitting in the car waiting for the General to finish and this GI came up to me and said he was from Abilene.

I thought I had something, finally. I said he was just the guy the Boss was looking for and asked him to wait around. He said he didn't think he could; he was on guard duty. I figured he could perhaps stretch a point in order to meet General Eisenhower, but he looked sad and shook his head and kept saying he was on guard duty. He said he'd try to come back, but he didn't think he could. He didn't come back. He was certainly a conscientious GI. The Boss was disappointed when I told him but he said that if the boy was on duty he was

on duty and couldn't do anything about it. He was right, of course. But I think a lot of GI's would have stretched a point, somehow.

And sometimes on trips he would stop and pick up soldiers, British or American or anybody, give them lifts to where they were going, and ask them where they came from and how they were making out—and always what kind of food they were getting. The morale of the Army, its whole spirit, depended a great deal on food, he would say, and he always made a point of finding out about the food.

He never forgot Kansas; somehow he seemed to carry it with him in his mind. The fields in Africa reminded him of Kansas; he would look at them and tell me that that was the way Kansas looked. He used to be amused, sometimes, at how little I knew about farm life.

Once in the Africa days, I remember, I was driving him somewhere and a herd of cows showed up on the road. Naturally, I stopped, waiting for them to go away and do something else. The General, sitting behind me, sort of laughed.

"Mickey," he said, "I know you're a New York boy and that all this wild life is new to you. But we can't just sit here and wait for cows. Don't be afraid of them. Just edge up on them and they'll get out of the way."

I did. I edged very carefully, but I edged. Sure enough, the cows got out of the way. I must say I was surprised.

All the time we were in Africa our household kept getting bigger, somehow. A cook and a waiter were sent out from England and Gen. Clark left with Chaney. But we still had two waiters, a cook, and an Algerian laundress—the one to whom I gave the turkey. I was still general factotum, and still responsible for the

house, but now I had more help. Now we could think more about little things for the General. Commander Butcher—he wasn't really a commander until the following May, but we all called him "Commander" and he didn't seem to mind—suggested we ought to try to get the General a ping-pong table. He wasn't getting any relaxation; any play. It was too cold and rainy for horseback riding, which was the thing he liked most; we'd thought of getting boxing gloves and a bag, but there weren't any available—not available for him, under his rules. I suppose we could have found them, but not without robbing the troops, and we both knew better than that.

But the ping-pong table was in a villa used by some other officers, and when we said we thought the General might like a table, of course they were very glad to give it up. Special service had balls and paddles and the General enjoyed it very much after we set it up in the library. Admiral Cunningham, who lived near by, used to come down the hill—he lived on the same grounds, really—and play, and other officers who came would have games before lunch or before dinner. The boys and I used it some, of course, and now and then Commander Butcher and I played. He always beat me. As I remember it, he didn't beat the General. The General played ping-pong with the same concentration he did whatever he was doing when he was doing it. He and Admiral Cunningham, who was very good, played about even.

In the music room, every couple of weeks, we would have movies and everybody would go: the guests who happened to be there, the other generals who were around—Spaatz, Smith, and Davis, usually—Admiral Cunningham and his aide, the whole office staff and the chauffeurs and the boys who worked in the house—

everybody. Sometimes there would be somebody who was good at the piano and everybody would sing; West Point songs, and the artillery song and sometimes Western songs. It was along then sometime, as I recall it, that the General got to singing the song about roses—"Give me one dozen roses, put my heart in beside them"—and he sang it for weeks, usually when he was taking a bath.

As I've said, he was very particular about his baths and was unhappy when he couldn't get them—when something would go wrong, so that there wasn't any hot water or something. He took great care of his big hands, but he hated to see a man with manicured nails. He hummed while he shaved himself with a safety razor, and only broke off when he cut himself, which was no oftener than most men cut themselves. Every now and then he would express the wish that I would learn how to shave him, but I always dodged that. You can't shave another man very well with a safety razor and I wasn't going to try to use a straight razor. I figured if he was going to be cut, I'd let him do it himself.

Incidentally, he isn't bald as you'd sometimes think from his pictures. His hair is light in color and not very thick, but it's there. It's not so much there that he has to use a comb—a brush will do. But it's there.

At the house in Algiers things were fairly routine from Thanksgiving until the day before Christmas. The General spent long hours in his office, there were many conferences and some inspection trips by car and by air, and his spirits were good. When I would go to his room in the mornings his smile would be there and his manner would mean that I didn't have to get my business attended to and bother him as little as possible. It was the same in his office. I would go in and he would

look at me over his glasses and I would wait for the smile. Usually it came and then I could relax. He was still a general, he was still running a war and it was keeping him busy, but I could relax and not hurry too much about what I wanted to take up. But if he didn't smile I knew things weren't going as he wanted them, or that that wasn't a time to take up little things, and then I would make it snappy and get out.

But up until the day before Christmas, from what I could see from where I was, things apparently were going all right. Then, on December 24, we left Algiers at 5:30 in the morning to visit the British First Army headquarters at Souk el Cheimin, 375 miles away. For a wonder it wasn't raining. It was clear and cold and the scout cars held us back as they ground up hills. The Boss was in the armored Cadillac—a British car, with right-hand drive; the Daimler, which in the end nobody liked, had been sent to Casablanca for the President's visit, on the chance that somebody might find it more useful than we did. Dry and I took turns driving. We got to the British CP at about nine that evening, fairly tired but cheerful enough because, compared to the Thanksgiving trip, this had been nothing. We had some food and turned in.

Maybe an hour and a half later the lieutenant who was in charge of the scout cars came around and woke us up. He said to pack at once; we were going back to Algiers. He was a boy who liked to kid a good deal and, although this seemed to be carrying a gag a good ways, we thought he was kidding. It took him quite a while to persuade us that this was the real thing; that we were going to turn around and go back to Algiers. So we got out of the beds we had just succeeded in getting warmed up and packed the gear into the cars and picked up the General and the other officers. Then we started

back, in the blackout, worn out already, and 375 miles from where we were going.

That was quite a night. Everybody took turns driving; Dry drove and I drove and Commander Butcher drove in our car; I don't think there was anybody in the whole convoy, except the Boss himself, who didn't take a turn at the wheel sometime during that long, cold, black night. Driving with almost no lights, over roads we didn't know very well, we'd get lost now and then. We'd turn up a wrong road, discover we were wrong, and the whole convoy would back out of it and go a few miles and, like as not, turn up another wrong road and have to back out again. At eight o'clock that morning we got to Constantine, and we were still 265 miles from home.

And of course we—the GI's like Dry and myself—didn't know what this was all about. It didn't make sense—to drive almost four hundred miles and have just time for a little food and then turn around and drive all the way back. We knew something was up; there were all sorts of rumors. But we didn't know what, and the other enlisted men we met in Constantine, when we had tea and porridge for Christmas breakfast in the mess, didn't know either. We ate; we gassed up the cars at an old race track, in the mud, and we started out again. We still took turns driving, and by that time all of us were about dead. We went over mountain roads, through mud and cold; after a long time we stopped for Christmas dinner—C rations. Then we went on. We were almost into Algiers before we heard news that sounded right—and that was right. Admiral Darlan had been assassinated.

I'd seen him once or twice. Once I stood by while he and the Boss and Admiral Cunningham put a wreath on the World War I memorial to honor the men on

both sides who had lost their lives on the beaches of North Africa. I didn't know about the politics of it, but I always thought—and most of the GI's thought—that by dealing with Darlan we saved a lot of American lives. The French are no slouches. With a man leading them who really wanted to stop us, they would have taken a lot of beating. The way it was they didn't and we got where we wanted to go and not as many boys got killed as would have otherwise. Those are the things that count in war—from where I sit, anyway.

Darlan's assassination left the General with a lot more work, of course. And none of us who made that trip to Souk el Cheimin and back are ever going to forget it. There weren't any big events; nobody got killed or even hurt. But none of us will ever forget those black roads which didn't seem to have any end, anywhere.

After Christmas the Boss collected some money from Commander Butcher, Major Lee, and several other officers. They had bet that he would get his four stars before Christmas; he had bet he wouldn't. He was still waiting for them after we got back from that trip to see the British. But he, like everybody else, was expecting them before long. It was in the cards.

The Boss wanted, naturally enough, to be the first to hear when he did get them. So he arranged with the Signal Corps officer that all "eyes only" messages which came through would go to him, personally, instead of to Commander Butcher or Major Lee. "Eyes only" messages are ones which aren't copied, but merely read by those to whom they are addressed and other officers who ought to have the information. He made that arrangement one afternoon.

The next morning, before anybody was up, a young Signal Corps lieutenant came around with an "eyes only" message. He said it had to go to the General in

person; nobody else would do. So Commander Butcher took him up to the General's room and woke the General up and the General reached out for the message.

"I'm sorry, sir," the lieutenant said, "I know you're General Eisenhower, but I never saw you before, sir."

The Boss said something like all right, he was General Eisenhower, let him have it. The lieutenant looked puzzled and worried but he didn't give the Boss the message.

"Sir," he said, "may I see your ID card, sir?"

The General looked a little annoyed and then he smiled and got up out of bed and went over to the dresser and got his identification card and showed it. Then he got the message. It wasn't about his four stars; it wasn't about anything that mattered much. We'd still have won the war if he'd never got it.

Of course, the lieutenant was right, strictly speaking. So was another young Signal Corps lieutenant who came around the next morning, again before the Boss was up, and went through the same routine. But the General had had enough by that time, and he told the Signal Corps people to have all the officer messengers assembled at ten o'clock the next morning to look at him. He was busy at that time and couldn't see them after all, but Commander Butcher had enough pictures of the boss made up so that each messenger could have one and study it. Later, when a messenger came around at one-forty-five in the morning, I made him swear he knew the General before he went up to the room; he swore he did and I guess he did; anyway, he skipped the ID card routine.

I got my promotion before the Boss did, as it turned out. He made me a tech sergeant on January 21, after

he returned from the Casablanca conference. He flew to that; I stayed in Algiers.

A few days later, General Marshall came to visit us. We spent the day before he came giving the house extra licks and getting everything polished up. The Boss moved out of his room so the Chief of Staff could have it and everybody was on his toes. As always when we had a very high-ranking guest, I was detailed to act as his personal orderly, and when he arrived I got his baggage up to the Boss's room, very snappy. Then I waited, and after a few minutes I heard the two generals coming up, with Telek coming along behind them, clicking his nails when he hit bare wood, the way a dog does. I stiffened up. They came in, with Telek, and I stood as stiff as I could and looked more or less straight ahead.

"General," the Boss said, "this is my sergeant, Mickey."

I thought I'd got used to rank, but this was the same way it was when I first met the Boss. I stood there and didn't know quite what to say or do, because this was the top man in the whole Army, and it's unusual for a GI to meet the top man in any army. He was very pleasant and said he was glad to know me and hoped I was taking good care of the General. I don't recall what I said, except, of course, "Yes, sir." It wasn't anything General Marshall did that made me stiffen up that way; he was as nice as a general could be to a GI. It was mostly who he was, which was something you couldn't overlook. Anyway, it was something I couldn't overlook.

I stood there and out of the corner of my eye I saw Telek was sniffing around the way dogs do and I got a little uneasy. He seemed particularly interested in the bed, which had a nice red satin cover on it; he kept

looking at the bed, and then looking around at the Boss. Then, when he decided the Boss wasn't looking, he jumped up on the bed. I quit being stiff then, and moved, but not fast enough. Before I could get to him, Telek had watered the nice satin cover pretty thoroughly. I made a grab at him and threw him out, and then I made a grab at the bed and yanked off the cover and everything was pretty confusing with Telek—he was only seven months old, but he knew better because we had told him often enough—yipping his head off.

The Boss looked at Telek and then he looked at me and then he said, "Mickey, when he does things like that, he's your dog."

And then General Marshall started to laugh and the Boss laughed and I suppose it was sort of funny—me being so stiff and correct, and everything all polished up Army style, and then that crazy little pup doing a thing like that. I was embarrassed, though; it looked as if I ought to have been able to train him better. But I guess General Marshall knows dogs. He thought it was funny and he explained it. He said that obviously Telek didn't like the idea of his master being put out of his room and was just showing what he thought of the whole business.

I suppose General Marshall forgot all about that long ago. But every now and then I think about it, and think it was about as unfortunate a way as any I ever heard of to start off with a great soldier like General Marshall. I got to know him better later, as a sergeant gets to know the chief of staff, and I don't suppose it actually bothered him, because he's a hell of a nice fellow—he's the same type as the Boss, really. He's a soldier and there's nothing phony about him; he's not impressed by his rank or anything, and all the time he was around you could tell that all he was interested in was doing a

good job. He'd do that if he were a second lieutenant, just as the Boss would—just, I suppose, as both of them did when they were second lieutenants.

The next thing that happened was Pearlie.

It's difficult to tell about first meeting Pearlie. What happened then, and what happened afterward—what I first thought and what I thought in all the months and weeks and days from that day in February in Africa until now—these things get mixed up in remembering them. All I can be sure of is that a car came with some visiting firemen in it and I went down to help, as I always did, and there was Pearlie. Only I didn't know it was Pearlie Hargrave, who was going to be Mrs. Michael J. McKeogh. At first I just knew there was a girl driving the car.

She was a Wac, with an overseas cap down over one eye a little, the way they wore them, and she was very small behind the wheel of a big car. I was supposed to be looking at the important visitors, whoever they were, and not at a Wac driving the car. I knew we had some new Wacs—a couple of sergeants and two privates had shown up a few days earlier—and at first I just thought this was one of the new Wacs. Then I looked at her and she was a little blonde girl with big blue eyes—and a face I'd been looking for all my life. But perhaps I didn't even know that much the first time I saw her; perhaps she was only the prettiest girl I'd seen for a long time, with the bluest eyes.

She was a pfc. In the Army you get to looking at people's arms—or their shoulders or their collar tabs—almost before you look at their faces. It's one of the things you do so you'll know where you stand, because what they've got on their arms or their shoulders can make a lot of difference in the Army. She was a very

military-looking Wac, as far as her uniform went. But her eyes weren't military at all.

There was a minute during which I didn't have to do anything and I went around to her side of the car and I said, "Hello."

"Hello, Sergeant," she said. Her voice was just as nice as the rest of her. It was soft and pleasant, and there was fun under it, if you know what I mean.

I said, "Hello," again. Maybe I would have said something else, but then I had to go and help the important people. I helped take the luggage up to the house, and things like that, and then I heard the car start up. By the time I turned around, the car and the Wac weren't there any more. So I went on about my duties, but I kept thinking about the new Wac.

The next day I went down to the headquarters office and kept my eyes open, and sure enough the new Wac was there. There were some other new Wacs there too, and they were all right, but it was just one I wanted to find. I found her and said, "Hello," and she said, "Hello, Sergeant." Her eyes were still blue. She was a little girl. I'm not very tall myself, and she was just about the right size. So I asked her for a date the next Sunday, which was a couple of days away, and she said all right. It began just like that; just as simply as that.

I met her the next Sunday as we planned; about ten or eleven in the morning. There wasn't much to do in Algiers and we didn't seem to want to do much. We walked around and looked at things, and I showed her things I knew about—old buildings, and things that were different in Algiers from the way they were at home, and Arabs. And we talked. I found out she was Pearlie Hargrave and that she came from a little town in Minnesota called Pillager—a town I'd never heard of, of course. She said words a little differently from the

way I did—more as the Boss said some words, as a matter of fact. We walked around and we had lunch and kept on talking. She told me something about Pillager, but not that she had taught school there for a couple of years. She didn't tell me that until later. She told me she had been in the Army almost a year and liked it, and was excited about being in North Africa, which was a long ways from Minnesota—farther even from Minnesota than it was from Queens.

It was strange, meeting that way, as I look back on it. Of course, it happened to a lot of people in the Army—I don't mean meeting Pearlie, or anyone like her, but making friends with people you would never have run into if it hadn't been for the war. Here she was, what she called a "handshaking Methodist" from Minnesota, and here I was, a Catholic boy from Queens, and here we both were walking in Algiers, and talking to each other—and falling in love with each other. Any-way, I was falling in love with her. I suppose I knew it then, but there were too many other things right then—like finding out who she was, and telling her who I was—for it to come to the top of my mind. I didn't really realize how I felt until the day was over and I had gone back to the house, and she had gone back to the place where the Wacs were living.

Then I kept seeing her eyes and her blond hair, and the way she walked, and hearing the way she said words. And wanting to see her again.

I did see her again as soon as I could, and after that as often as I could. Probably a man who notices less than the Boss does would have noticed that. Certainly he noticed it. He didn't say anything, at first. But when we needed another driver, it began to be Pearlie we got, and when we went on trips and a Wac went along, Pearlie was the Wac who went. He liked Pearlie himself

—everybody liked Pearlie. But he saw that I liked her a lot, and I'm pretty sure that was the reason she went with us so much.

We made lots of trips to Constantine, flying if the weather permitted, otherwise driving. The General visited most of the units at the front, usually flying. I'd go along and wait at the airport in case there was something wanted, or in case he decided to stay overnight and wanted me to bring things and take care of him. Usually he didn't want me and didn't stay overnight.

We flew to Egypt and got to see the Holy Land and on one flight some German fighters attacked one of the planes in our convoy—the one General Jimmy Doolittle was in—knocking out the pilot. General Doolittle took over as pilot and the boys on the guns knocked down one of the fighters and damaged another, and the third one beat it without doing any more damage. I tried to write Mrs. Eisenhower about this a little later, and just as a curiosity she sent my letter back to me a few weeks later. It said: "Dear Mrs. Eisenhower" and "As ever, Mickey." That was all that was left of it.

The General went up to the Second Corps Headquarters at Tebessa when the Germans were breaking through at Kasserine Gap, and then into Gafsa. They got there late at night and when the General went in one side of the town the German tanks were coming in the other side. The General and his party were the ones to leave, that time. It was bad, then; for a little while things weren't going well and the Boss showed it. He had a habit, when there was a piano, of sitting down at it now and then and playing "Chopsticks" with two fingers. He sat down at the piano in the house in Algiers the night we got back from that inspection trip; he looked worried and tired and the smile wasn't there—not in his eyes, anyway. I thought it was strange that

he should sit down to play "Chopsticks," which he usually did when he was feeling satisfied with the way things were going. He started to pick out notes, very slowly. It wasn't "Chopsticks." He picked out taps very slowly on the piano and then he got up, without saying anything, and went off to bed. I don't think I ever saw him lower than he was that night.

He was a four-star general by that time. He got the news in none of the ways he had expected to. Another naval officer came up to Commander Butcher and asked the Commander to convey his congratulations to the General. "On what?" Commander Butcher said and the other naval officer looked surprised and said, "On his new rank, of course." Commander Butcher still looked surprised, and the other officer told him he had just heard the news on the BBC. So Commander Butcher went to the Boss and said he wanted to be one of the first to congratulate him and the Boss said, "On what?"

Commander Butcher told him and then the Boss really did swear. He said several things, ending up with: "Why the hell doesn't somebody tell me these things?" He was really rather annoyed, but after a while he accepted Commander Butcher's congratulations. That same day, I think it was, he called in all the boys in the household and promoted each of them a grade.

It was great news for all of us, however it came. The General didn't say much about it, but it was clear he was pleased. And the day after he had pinned on the four stars, Commander Butcher saluted him one morning as he was leaving the house. I was driving him and he smiled as we were starting off and sort of chuckled and said: "Well, my new rank must mean something. Even Butch is saluting me now."

He didn't like a fuss made over him, particularly by people on his immediate staff. Naturally, he expected observance of the Army formalities, particularly when there were other people around. But he didn't like to have it too much emphasized and now and then some officers emphasized it more than the Boss liked.

There was one place, for example, where to get to the toilet from his office, the Boss had to go through an anteroom which was usually full of people. He didn't like that setup anyway, as nobody would, and one major made it worse. When he would open his door and come out and start across the room, this major would jump up and hurry over and open the door for him. The General would frown a little, but I don't remember he ever said anything to the major about it. But he did to Commander Butcher and, a good while afterward, the Commander told me. He said that the Boss said he wished this major wouldn't do that; he said he always was afraid sometime he wouldn't stop with opening the door.

"Damn it," the General said, "I always expect him to come in and unbutton my fly for me."

He appreciated how this officer felt about him; how loyal he was. But sometimes things like the door-opening business would annoy him and he would show that it did. This always hurt the officer's feelings. And every now and then, Commander Butcher told me later, the Boss would remember something and shake his head and say: "Damn my hide. I spoke brusquely to him again and now I've got to go back and apologize."

He always did apologize to anyone to whom he had spoken sharply without what he decided afterward was sufficient cause. He did to me, once or twice, although he almost never was sharp with me. I do remember one

time, in Africa, when he had reason to be, although it wasn't my fault. It was a very odd thing.

The General had caught a cold which he couldn't seem to shake off, and the doctor ordered him to bed. He was in bed several days, and I acted as nurse, as well as orderly. Of course the war didn't stop, and he kept on transacting the business of war from his room. One afternoon an officer was there, conferring with him, and the Boss decided, after talking for a while, that he wanted a cup of tea. The other officer didn't, but the Boss did, and I went down to the kitchen to get it. Williams, the waiter, was there and he and I made a cup of tea and I took it up. I handed it to the General and he took one sip and made an awful face and spit it out. He was indignant; he said it was full of salt.

I apologized and took the cup and went back down and told Williams what had happened. We investigated and, sure enough, a can of salt standing on the stove had tipped over into the kettle we heated the water in. We cleaned the kettle out and made some more tea and I took it back and gave it to the Boss, along with the sugar bowl. He put the sugar in the tea, took another sip, and, believe it or not, made the same face again and spit it out again. I tried not to believe it, but there it was.

"Damn it all," the General said—or something like that; "Damn it all, there's *still* salt in it!"

I apologized again, getting pretty red, and took the tray back and carried it downstairs again. I couldn't see how it could have happened twice, because I knew we'd cleaned out the kettle, and then I got an idea and tasted the sugar. Sure enough; somebody—I never found out who, and believe me I tried to—had put salt in the sugar bowl.

Well, Williams and I went through it all again, fixing

another cup of tea, and I took it up to the Boss. He took it and looked at it, pretty suspiciously, and then he looked at me. I moved over a little, because of the way he was looking at me, and sort of got behind the officer. The Boss shook his head.

"Get out in the open, Mickey," he said, and I never did know whether he was fooling. His voice didn't sound like it. "Get out in the open because if there's anything wrong with this cup I'm going to throw it at you, and I want a good, clear shot."

I moved out and he took a sip of the tea and I waited, ready to duck. He took one sip and then paused a minute and then he took another. Then he sort of nodded and went on drinking it, and after the third sip or so he said this was all right. So I went back behind the other officer, where of course I belonged.

The Boss didn't like to wear a helmet. He almost never did. When we went on trips, I'd try to take along a helmet for him and sometimes made it, but never if he saw me. If he did, he'd tell me to put "that damn thing" back. I don't know why, exactly. He was known by his garrison cap, for one thing; it was in a way his trademark with the GI's and I do know that he did everything he could to avoid having people think he was—or that he *thought* he was—in the middle of battle. He didn't want to pose as a front-line soldier; as a man who lived in danger. He did, of course; he was in danger every time we went up to the front on inspection trips; he was in danger every time the Germans sent planes over looking for his headquarters. But he wasn't, naturally, in the lines. He knew that the GI's up there, in the middle of it, were in more danger in an hour than those of us at headquarters were in a week. And he wanted the GI's to know that he knew it. That attitude of his came out in little things all the time, all during

the war. It came out, I think, in his reluctance to wear a helmet. But that's my interpretation; the Boss never really said. He just didn't wear a helmet.

Once he did because he had to. That was in the middle of March, after things had begun to go better; a little while after that day he had come home and played taps on the piano. We drove to Le Ceif, which was the headquarters of the Second Corps, which was by then under command of General Patton. We went up so the Boss could pin three stars on General Patton's shoulder—and on his collar tab too, and anywhere else General Patton could think of to wear them; he wore them a lot of places. We got there in the morning of the seventeenth, St. Patrick's Day, and the Boss pinned the stars on. The Boss didn't have a helmet, and I didn't.

After the ceremony, while I was standing by, General Patton saw me and called me over. He looked me up and down and asked me if I had twenty-five dollars to throw away. I said I didn't, naturally, and he said in that case I'd better get a helmet. He said the fine for being without a helmet in his area was twenty-five dollars. I got a helmet and, as soon as I got a chance, I told the Boss about it. He sort of nodded and then he said I'd better get him one too. He said he didn't have twenty-five dollars to throw away, either, and he apparently figured that the rule would go for him just as much as for anybody else. I'm not sure it wouldn't have; anyway, the Boss wore the helmet the rest of the time he was in General Patton's area.

We had lunch at Le Ceif and, right after lunch, moved along with General Patton to his new headquarters at Feriana. He'd heard the Germans were going out of there, so he went right in, on their heels.

That was the kind of a man he always was; he didn't waste any time about moving up.

General Sir Harold Alexander was in the party and one of the first things I noticed was that he was wearing shamrocks. I'd wanted to get some, of course, to wear that day, but there aren't many shamrocks in Africa. So I went up to Sir Harold and asked him if he could tell me where I could get some shamrocks; I said I had plenty of Irish in me and thought I ought to have some.

He was fine about it. He took off part of the shamrock he was wearing and gave it to me and I pinned it on. He seemed pleased to do it and he was particularly pleased, it seemed to me, when I told him that I was going to send the shamrock home to my mother and tell her that he had given it to me. I did, and she still has it.

Back in Algiers, we kept on having visitors. My days were running from about six in the morning until midnight, and I had a lot to do. I was really running the house in those days; anyway, I felt I was, and that I was responsible for seeing that the Boss was comfortable. I guess it was that feeling, as much as anything else, which finally got me down. Anyway, something did, early in April, and my stomach started acting up. I took it for a while and then it got pretty bad and I had to go to the hospital. That was on the nineteenth of April. I was there for several days, including my birthday.

The General visited me, of course. He visited the hospital frequently anyway—he visited all the hospitals he could reach all through the war. He visited Williams, who was in the hospital about the time I was, and who had yellow jaundice. It didn't turn Williams very

yellow, since he was brown to begin with, but he had it. I came pretty near to having ulcers, I guess.

The General and Commander Butcher and Major Lee all visited me on the twenty-third, which was my birthday, and so did Pearlie. Pearlie brought me a ring. The Boss gave me a watch and made me a master sergeant—and told me that he was getting a mess sergeant to take over some of the work. And they brought a birthday cake for me and it was about as fine as anything can be in a hospital.

When I went back a few days later, the mess sergeant was there—Sergeant John Farr—and after that things weren't so difficult. I was still more or less in charge of the house, of course, but Farr was in charge of the supplies and it was up to him to scrounge the food we had to have. It wasn't as difficult then as it had been earlier to get food; on the other hand, with more and more visitors coming all the time, we had to have more of it. Farr did a swell job, and kept on doing it the rest of the war.

In Africa, there wasn't much more war. It was over on May 12, and we all went to Tunis for the victory parade, living in a command post near Mateur. There was a big house there and it was used by the General for his mess, but he wouldn't live in it. He preferred to live in a tent. He always wanted to live in a tent when he could, partly because the GI's were living in tents and partly, I guess, because he liked tents. Sometimes, it seemed to me, the Boss went to a good deal of trouble in order to live in a tent. He certainly did there in Mateur.

The big house had plenty of rooms, and in the main bedroom there was an enormous bed in which both the Prime Minister and the King of England had slept when they visited there. The General insisted on a tent,

just the same. Dry and I didn't feel that way about tents; the house was all right for us, and the big bed was fine. We thought if it had been good enough for the Prime Minister and the King it would be all right for us. And it was.

Headquarters remained in Algiers, but we spent less and less time there. We were there, I think, when Secretary of War Stimson visited us. I liked him very much and, of course, I acted as his orderly while he was there, as I always did for high-ranking people—ranking officers like General Marshall and other VIP's: very important people. The Secretary was a pleasant man to work for, but he did worry some about his health. His doctor was with him and saw that he took good care of himself. He was as well when he left as when he came, which, because of one thing that happened, was a relief to me.

I went in one morning and he looked a little worried and said he was afraid he had a temperature. He asked me if I could get him a thermometer and I found one. He put it in his mouth and kept it there for a few minutes and then took it out and looked at it and then handed it to me and asked me if I could read it.

He had me there. I've never in my life been able to read one of those thermometers; there's some sort of trick to it, and it's a trick I've never been able to learn. But I didn't like just to say I couldn't do it without trying to do it. So I took the thermometer over to the window where the light was better, and tried to read it. I turned it up and down and sideways, and now and then I'd get a glimpse of the column of mercury and then lose it again. A blind man could have done better than I was doing, and there was the Secretary waiting. And after I'd got into it, I hated to admit that I couldn't do it. It seemed so silly.

The secretary looked all right to me, anyway, and after a minute or so I just decided that he probably was all right. So I turned around and said:

"It shows normal, sir."

I've always hoped it did. I'll never know, and neither will anybody else. But the Secretary seemed pleased and relieved and got up and went to breakfast. The rest of the time he was with us he seemed fine, so I guess his temperature was all right.

He had to be very careful about his health, of course. The doctor didn't want him to have any meat, and told Sergeant Farr that, and Farr told the waiters. So when it came to passing meat at the table the first evening, the waiters just skipped the Secretary. He looked at the platter going by and didn't say anything. After a while it came around again, and they passed him by again. That time he looked at it rather wistfully and then he made up his mind and reached over and tapped the Boss on the arm and asked him, in a small voice, if he couldn't please have some meat.

The General was very embarrassed. Nobody had told him that the Secretary wasn't supposed to have meat, and he was fit to be tied that a guest at his table had to ask for food. He saw that the Secretary got some meat. He saw that he got it right away.

Sergeant Farr explained it to him afterward and had to talk very fast. When the General understood it was all right, of course, and he agreed the boys couldn't have done anything but what they did. And the helping of meat he had didn't do Mr. Stimson any harm, any more than my guessing at his temperature had done.

From early May on until the invasion of Sicily started, we spent most of our time at our new command post in Amilcar, near Tunis. There we had a large house overlooking the Mediterranean. There was a

living room in the house that looked like the Grand Central Station and had a smoky fireplace; there were three bedrooms, two baths, a music room, another living room not so enormous, and a dining room and kitchen. We arrived while it was still damp and chilly and the General, of course, wanted a fire.

For once, it looked easy. After all the scrambling I had done, in London for example, to find firewood, it was a relief to find a woodshed near the house filled with wood. I went out and got a big armful and brought it back—and after about two steps I began to itch. I carried the wood on in and dumped it down and looked at it, and it was jumping with fleas. And so, by that time, was I. We must have burned up a million fleas while we were there; the wood was alive with them; they could have got together and carried it in for us, if they had been trained fleas. And, of course, the woodshed was the one place Telek had to pick to spend his time in. We tried to persuade him it was a mistake, but we never could. He must have liked fleas. And so we had to give him a bath every day, which he didn't like—and which we didn't like any too much, either.

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## CHAPTER

# 5

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THE GENERAL HAD finished one big job early that May. He couldn't relax, of course. Everybody knew there were other big jobs ahead—bigger jobs even than North Africa. Even before we won in Africa, I suppose, they were planning on the next moves—the Allied chiefs of staff, the President and the Prime Minister and Marshal Stalin and all the hundreds of men, important and not so important, who planned the way we won the war. And of course my boss, who was now the boss of so many hundreds of thousands of men, was in on all that planning. There wasn't really a lull; there couldn't be. And yet, in spite of everything, there was a feeling of relaxation during the two months between the time the Allies won in Tunisia and the time we invaded Sicily.

The weather was warm again, and from our house you could see the Mediterranean stretching away and for a while it wasn't only something we had to cross to get to Europe. It was a beautiful stretch of water with beaches running down to it; it was a place we could go swimming. Everybody did, when he had time, including the General. I gave him a pair of swimming trunks, I remember, and some poor GI, who wanted a pair of trunks, saw them hanging on the line and appropriated them, not knowing who they belonged to. You have to

be an awfully unlucky GI to steal the swimming trunks of a four-star general, when you might as well steal the trunks of a—oh, of a second lieutenant, say. This guy was just that unlucky, and because they did belong to the Boss they were hunted for. This GI had just tucked them away in his helmet, and the MP's found them there.

But for such an unlucky guy, this GI was really pretty lucky, because if you are going to steal a general's pants, General Eisenhower is the general to steal them from. Maybe he thought the scare the man had when he found whose trunks he had stolen was enough punishment; anyway, he didn't press charges. The charges might have been rather serious if he had, because the GI was on guard duty when he lifted the trunks; he was supposed to guard the clotheslines, not swipe things off them.

The General was busy, but it wasn't that exhausting kind of business that happened when we were actually engaged in a campaign. He took time to drive himself in a jeep from the house to the office, for example. He got to go up in Cub planes now and then. They rigged up a target out in the water and the General and the other officers had target practice, shooting with carbines mostly. The General was very good. He was good with all weapons, as a matter of fact, and interested in all of them—and interested in what the men who were using them thought of them. He'd ask the GI's he talked to how their weapons stood up, how they thought they compared with the weapons the enemy had; sometimes he would fire a few rounds to test some weapon, or perhaps he would just fire a few rounds because he wanted to. In England once, I remember, he fired a .30-caliber machine gun from his hip, which is a good trick—a very good trick. The GI's who saw him do it

loved it and were proud of him, the way GI's are proud of their officers when they have good officers.

Headquarters were still in Algiers and now and then the General would fly there. But most of the time he spent between Tunis and Malta, flying back and forth. I went on a lot of the trips.

But always, whether I was going or not, it was my job to see that the General had his lucky coins with him. He never flew without them, not as long as I knew him. He had a little zipper purse with the coins in it; old coins from long ago, and medals—and a miraculous medal a little girl in Detroit had sent him while we were still in England. She wrote a letter saying she had adopted him as her soldier and prayed for him every day. The General answered her, of course, and all through the war she would write to him and he would write to her. He never got too busy, even when he was busiest, to write letters to people who wrote to him, and of course the little girl was very special in his mind. He called her "my little godmother."

A good many of the coins in the little zipper purse had been sent to him by people who told him they hoped the coin they sent would bring him luck. I don't know whether the General really believed they would, but he evidently thought there was no harm in finding out—like most men in the same circumstances, I suppose, he thought they wouldn't anyway, bring him *bad* luck. So sometimes when he went on an unexpected flight, perhaps directly from the office, and didn't have the little zipper bag along, he'd have Major Lee call me up and order me to get it to him at the airport. So I'd hurry. I always made it in time; I don't know what he'd have done if I'd failed to show up before it was time for him to take off. Really, I do know—he'd have gone

anyway. But he wouldn't have been pleased; certainly he wouldn't have been pleased with me.

They were his lucky pieces, he told me, and then he would say, with that smile, that I was one of his lucky pieces too, and that he was going to carry me to the end of the war. That was fine with me.

I don't mean that I always was glad I was in the Army. Nobody was, really. I'd think, like everybody else, of how good it would be to be a civilian again, and go where I wanted to when I wanted to and have a job and a home—a home, I knew by that time, with Pearlie in it. Sometimes, even with the swell job I had, I'd get tired of being in the service and dream of the days when I wouldn't be. But mostly I liked my job and was conscious of how amazingly lucky I'd been in the whole business. I was seeing everything—places I could never have dreamed of seeing. I was traveling the way a general travels, and living pretty much the way a general lives as far as food and billets and those things went. I had got to know the finest man I'd ever hoped to know and now I'd met Pearlie. Things were exciting and interesting almost all the time.

Pearlie was in Tunis and I'd get to see her almost every evening, for a while, anyway. I didn't have any doubts by then about how I felt about her. And I was beginning to think that maybe she was going to feel about me the way I felt about her, partly, anyway. And that made things exciting in a different way.

It was relaxed there in the house near Tunis those two months in late spring and early summer, with the Mediterranean stretching out in front of us and the nights long and warm and evenings off to see Pearlie, and the Boss having time to swim a little and shoot at the target out in the blue water. And it was fine to fly

with the Boss to Malta for conferences as the time of the new invasion came nearer.

When he was there, the General lived in the governor's palace in a room next door to an old dungeon; it was a very old palace. It was an old island and the war had hit it hard. One section was completely bombed out and buildings were down all over. You could see what a grim, dreadful time the people had lived through. But now things were different, because now we were the ones who were going places. You could tell that the people knew that. It showed in their faces. I walked around a good deal and looked at the island during the times we were there; there wasn't much to do except walk around the island and look at it and the people. You could drink gin, of course, or banana cordial—those were the only things they seemed to have. I don't use gin and I've always hated bananas, so I was very sober in Malta.

We were oftener and oftener in Malta as the spring turned into summer; we were there when the invasion of Sicily started. And once more I watched the planes droning off carrying the paratroopers, and saw the big armada of ships set out. And once more I saw the Boss's face grow drawn and worried, so that the smile just flickered across it sometimes and was lost.

Looking at his face when an invasion was beginning—looking at it in Gib when we started our fight to take North Africa, looking at it there in Malta during those early days in July, and again later when we staked everything we had on the really big invasion—you could, a little, put yourself in his place. Not completely; I never pretended to myself I could completely put myself in the place of the Boss, and know all that he thought and felt. But I could do it a little, as any man could.

Because, in the end, it all came down to him—all the strategy they had mapped out in Washington and London, all that President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill had planned so we could get at the Germans, all the hopes the Russians had for the kind of action on our side which would take some of the pressure off them and let them begin to breathe again—in the end it all came down to the Boss. And the lives of thousands of men came down to him, too. And all these things might depend on whether we started this day or the next day, or the day after that; it might depend on whether he guessed right about the weather, after hearing all the meteorologists could tell him—whether he decided some little thing this way or that way. And whether his luck held. There wasn't anybody he could pass it on to. He could ask for information; he could listen to advice. But it was up to him. That was in his face at Malta, when we saw the airborne men starting off and saw the hundreds of ships begin to move toward Sicily. He was worried about the weather then, as he always had to be, because we always had to go across water to get where we were going. You may remember he had cause to worry about the weather when we moved on Sicily. And that it came out all right.

He flew to Sicily on the morning we went in; he went to welcome the Canadians, who then were for the first time fighting as a wholly Canadian army. He went in on a beach we'd just taken a few hours before, and he went in wearing his overseas cap and no helmet. That was the way most people in the armies saw him in their minds. And he wouldn't take me with him. I wanted to go; for the first time, I think, I tried to argue him into letting me do something he hadn't planned on having me do. Maybe I was remembering what my mother had said when she told me to go to Europe with

him—that she wouldn't think much of me if he got hurt and I didn't. Maybe I just wanted to be there and see it—see the first time we got our feet on what was really part of Europe. But he wouldn't let me.

He said there was no reason for me to risk my neck unnecessarily; that I wouldn't do any good in Sicily and that I would be some good waiting for him in Malta. He said there were plenty of things for me to take care of in case there was an accident. So, as happened too often, I stayed behind and sweated it out until he came back. I was glad when he did come back.

Later in the month, when things were going very well indeed on Sicily, I did get to go there and make a tour of the front with the General. We visited General Patton's headquarters in Palermo and saw how our boys were cleaning up the island; it took us, you remember, just thirty-seven days.

During that time we stayed in Malta, using it as a command post. We didn't have one ACP on Sicily itself. After fighting ended in Sicily, we went back to Tunis. We stayed there the rest of the summer, and now again there was that partial relaxation which came between the big adventures. And again the Boss was planning.

On September 3 we jumped across from Sicily to the Italian mainland and began to fight our way up that long, tough peninsula. The Boss went to Sicily the day the invasion of the mainland started and he took me with him—and that day he signed the Italian surrender, although it was not announced until several days later. He signed the papers in a tent and there were no formalities; he merely signed and went away. Whatever formalities there were he left others to attend to. We flew back to Tunis. He flew over frequently after that, as we made progress on the boot and beyond; usually

he made one-day flights and I stayed behind in Tunis. But once late in September he took me along when he inspected the British front in the Bari sector and then, the day after General Clark took Naples—that was early in October—we flew there and stayed several days.

It was long enough, Commander Butcher thought, for us to find some suitable place for the General to stay. A house had been taken over, tentatively—it was quite a distance from the command post but it had a beautiful view of the harbor and when the Commander and I looked at it we thought it would be a fine place, if the General wanted a place. But it wasn't staffed nor supplied and the Boss decided he didn't want a place, since he didn't plan to stay long.

The night after we had looked at it there was a bad air raid—the worst I'd experienced since the previous February, in Algiers—a real honey of an air raid, with all the stuff in the world going up and coming down. A good many places were badly hit and the next day, because there was still at that time some chance the Boss might want a house, we went back to look at the one overlooking the bay.

The house was up on a hill and just where the drive which led up to it turned off there was an enormous bomb crater—a big bomb crater and no more road. We went on up and just above the house, where there had been a gun position, there was another big crater and—well, just pieces of the gun position, and of the men who had manned it. Fourteen men they got with that bomb. The house hadn't been hit, but it had been badly shaken up, and glass was broken, and it was just as well we hadn't been in it that night. I've always suspected the Germans thought maybe the General had moved into it; on the other hand, of course, they may merely have been shooting at the gun position they got.

So the house was out, if it had ever been in, and the General stayed at the command post while we were there. We made a tour out from there to General Montgomery's front; he had just taken Foggia. The Germans hadn't left willingly; a lot of them hadn't left at all, and the CP was within spitting distance of their lines. I kept thinking of that that night, but thank God they didn't spit. There was some gunfire, but nothing to worry about.

We left Tunis during October and went back to Algiers, but not to the same house. The new house was out in the country on a real farm—we called it "Sailors' Delight" but I don't remember why. It was pleasant enough, but we weren't sailors. The house was modern and the farm was big and had all the things that go with a farm—cows and chickens and horses. There were three horses and one of them—a big brown stallion with white feet—the General rode a good deal. I didn't ride any horses; I like to pet horses well enough, but that's as far as I want to go. The way I felt about the horses—and for that matter most of the animals on a farm—amused the General, but he'd given up trying to make a farm boy out of me. He didn't make a hunter, either, although once he took me along when they went hunting for partridges and pheasant. We must have walked about nine thousand miles that day and I couldn't see that the birds we got were worth all that trouble. There must have been an easier way to get them, it seemed to me. But the General obviously enjoyed it and we were looking all the time for things he would enjoy—things that would give him the relaxation that Commander Butcher and I thought he didn't get often enough. So if we had to walk all over Africa shooting at birds it was all right with me, providing it was good for the General.

Things were going well in Italy then and everybody was really relaxed—everybody except me. I don't suppose I've ever been less relaxed in my life.

I had been seeing Pearlie as often as I could, which was pretty often, and I knew what I wanted to happen next. We weren't engaged yet, but I knew we were going to be if I could manage it and she, of course, knew how I felt. And she didn't do anything to make me think it wouldn't be all right.

I asked the General if he would give me permission to marry Pearlie; if he would give me permission, anyway, to propose to Pearlie. He asked about how my mother would feel, and I told him I was sure it would be all right with her. (I had found out, for one thing, that my mother had written to Commander Butcher asking him to tell her, honestly, if he thought Pearlie was the right kind of a girl for her son, which proved that she was giving the idea consideration. I guess, from the number of times the name Pearlie appeared in my letter home, my mother had begun to think she'd better give it consideration.) The religious difference wouldn't matter, I said, when he asked about that. He agreed that it shouldn't, as long as we both believed in our religions and in God. He said he didn't see how anybody could be an atheist; he said that a man without religion was lost from the start. But the kind of religion you had wasn't, you could tell he thought, very important.

The Boss knew how I felt about Pearlie. That was the main point. Everybody around there knew how I felt about her. And he knew her and he knew me. I knew we belonged together and I was sure we ought to be together and I told him that. He said that, since we felt as we did, we ought to be, and he said it would be all right for me to propose. He didn't want us to marry

right away, he said; my job was still with him, and the job was a long way from done. But he thought it would be a good thing for us to be engaged.

That gave me confidence, because I knew that if he hadn't thought it would be a good thing, he would have tried, somehow, to get us to wait. And knowing that he thought it was a good thing made me more certain than ever, if that was possible. So I wrote my mother and said I was going to propose to Pearlie and asked her to pick out an engagement ring for me; I asked her to send it to Washington, and I arranged that when an officer was coming from there to Algiers he would bring it. Then I settled down to wait.

That was when everybody was relaxed and I wasn't, while I was waiting for that ring. I had a lot to do, but it didn't keep me busy, as it had before—didn't keep my mind busy. I thought all the time about Pearlie, and what she would say when I had the ring and asked her if I could give it to her. And when we'd go on trips and she wasn't along I'd think about her all the time, and worry about her—she'd had an operation for appendicitis that summer and been scared to death. Only after that, more than ever, I kept wondering if she was all right. So I was hard to get along with, just waiting.

The other boys got interested in Telek and his new wife, who had been shipped down—another black Scotty named Khaki. She had two little black pups, looking just like her and Telek, and everybody was pleased with them. I thought they were all right, but nothing to get steamed up about—and I like dogs, too.

I kept waiting to hear from Washington that the officer who was bringing the ring was on his way. And things kept coming up, the way they do in the Army. He didn't leave when he planned to; then there was another date and he didn't leave then. Then he left but

didn't come directly to us. I thought he was never going to come. And then he did come, on December 16. And he had the ring.

I got it and I went right to the Boss. I said I'd got it and he smiled at me and said, "All right, Mickey."

I started to say something else, but he kept on smiling and he said, "Why don't you take this evening off and give it to her?"

That was what I wanted to hear.

He was staying in the house in town that evening, but he didn't see any reason why I should. He suggested I arrange to have the boys fix up a little dinner out at the farm, just for Pearlie and me, and then ask her if she'd wear the ring. He said he'd see that Pearlie had the evening off too.

And that was what we did. We had a little dinner and after it I took the ring out and—well, Pearlie said yes. It was a great moment—it was wonderful.

After that I could have been as relaxed as anybody but there wasn't much time to be relaxed in. We were about done with North Africa.

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## CHAPTER

# 6

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ALGIERS WAS GETTING too far from things. The war was moving on. On December 18 the General and his staff flew to Naples and I went with them, and some of the office staff. And Pearlie. The next day we started a rather complete tour of southern Italy, going to Bari by way of the front and coming back. It took us several days, and then we went back to Naples and moved into a house we had found for the Boss. It was a house we never did really get settled into; about the only big event there was the night we killed a rat in the General's bathroom, where it was sitting as if it owned the place.

I found it and went downstairs to get a stick of wood to use on the rat and told Commander Butcher about it. He said he thought a little target practice would be in order and suggested it to the General, who said that if he couldn't shoot a German the next best thing would be to shoot a rat. So we went up and the Boss got his .32 automatic and we moved in on the rat.

The General shot at the rat and missed him, and the rat ran up a pipe and sat on the tank above the toilet that held water. The General shot again and this time he got a little of the rat, and knocked it off its perch. It fell behind the door, and the General finished it off. Then Telek came in, barking like crazy and all full,

you could see, of how he had killed a rat. Telek was apt to be a little late for things like that, but he always came in barking.

We toured a big palace there—Pearlie and I and some others of the staff; the palace of Caserta they were using for offices. It was very big and full of gold, and there was a mirror fixed up so you could sit in the bathroom and look out on the street and see the people passing, if you wanted to. That part of it seemed sort of silly, but it was a big palace, all right.

And the day before Christmas, the General decided to go to Capri to inspect a rest camp for the Air Force they had there, and he took Pearlie and me along. It was a beautiful island, although there were, of course, a good many people on it—more, I suppose, than there used to be in the days you heard about; the days you heard about in the song. We were met by a lot of people—military people and a little civilian who looked for all the world like Mayor La Guardia, and who began to talk as soon as we arrived and kept on talking most of the time we were there. It wasn't until he'd been talking for quite a while that we realized he was the mayor, welcoming the General to the island. He was a very enthusiastic man, and very cordial, but of course he was both those things in Italian. And a little girl gave the General a big bouquet of flowers and made a little speech, which was translated, and which said that everyone on Capri was honored to have him there and very glad the Americans had come.

Pearlie and I walked around. We rode on the funicular and I told her that it was nothing; that when we got back to the States I'd see that she got a ride on the BMT. And we did some shopping and walked around, looking at things we'd never seen before and never dreamed we would see—as we were doing all the time.

We got to Capri about noon and left at five in the evening and it was a very fine day. And, before I could suggest anything, the General said he thought it would be a good idea if I spent the rest of Christmas Eve with Pearlie. I did; we went to midnight Mass. And that evening we heard the big news.

The Boss was going to be the supreme commander of the Allied Expeditionary Force. He was going to lead us into France.

I wasn't surprised. Nobody who had watched the Boss, who knew what a great man he was, could have been surprised. And I remembered what Mrs. Eisenhower had said once, back in Washington, about the feeling she had that her Ike was going to be the Pershing of this war. Now it was coming true.

The Boss himself was of two minds about it. He was proud, of course; anybody would have been. It was the biggest job there was going right then, and it had come to him. And still he was sorry, in a way, that he couldn't stay and see the Italian campaign all the way through. His new job meant parting with the people he'd been with all through Africa, and the invasion of Sicily and now of Italy itself. He said he was sorry about that. And he said:

"But I'm just like any other GI, Mickey. I've got to take orders too."

It was clear that the new job meant we were going back to England. We had left some things in Algiers—the move to Naples wasn't fully completed. So on Christmas Day we flew back there and began to pack. Two days later I found out that, before he went to England, the General was going to make a quick trip to the States. I kept on packing and nobody said anything about my going along. It looked as if I were going to England, and wait for him there.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the last day of 1943 I was in the General's room and he was taking a bath. He called out to me and asked me how I was getting along with the packing. I said it was all set. He asked me about my packing.

"I'll be ready to leave for England as soon as you've left for the States, sir," I said.

He didn't say anything for a minute. Then he asked me how long it would take me to get ready to go home with him.

"I can leave in ten minutes," I said. I guess I yelled it.

We didn't leave in ten minutes. We didn't leave until eleven-thirty that morning. Then we went to Marrakesh and we spent New Year's Eve there. We toasted the New Year. I had got some champagne, and I got three glasses for the General, Commander Butcher, and some other officer. The General looked at the three glasses and shook his head.

"Get yourself a glass, Mickey," he said. I did. We drank to the hope that we would be at home during the year we were beginning.

We left Marrakesh at six o'clock on the morning of January 1. We flew home by the Azores and Bermuda, and got into Washington a little after midnight on the morning of the second. I helped get the luggage out and was all ready to go with the General to his apartment, but he said he wouldn't need me. He gave me twenty dollars and told me to buy Pearlie a present. He said to get along home. He said we wouldn't have much time, but he was pretty sure I'd have at least four days and that Commander Butcher would get in touch with me; he said to have a good time and to give his greetings to my mother. And then I got along home.

The whole trip home had been top secret, of course,

as all movements of ranking officers were in those days. Nobody was supposed to know the Boss wasn't in North Africa or Italy. So you can imagine how surprised my mother and the rest of the family were when I just walked in on them the morning of January 2. My mother almost fainted, she was so surprised.

Naturally, I told her and the others in the family—my sister Kathleen and Charles, who was a fire captain and still at home, although later he was commissioned as a lieutenant in the Navy—that I had come home with the General. But they weren't to tell anybody, including the neighbors. And the neighbors wondered, because they knew what my job was in the Army. Mother had seen to that, the way mothers do when they're pleased with what their sons are doing. And there was a good deal of speculation about whether I had come back with General Eisenhower. I had to make up a story about that. I said that the General's plane crew had flown over to get a new plane and that I had hitched a ride and I guess people believed it. Anyway, I hope they did, because it was the only explanation I could think of.

I had a fine time at home, staying close to home, talking to my mother about my plans and about Pearlie—mostly about Pearlie. I didn't go around as much as I always had—out with girls and to parties and things. I hadn't promised Pearlie I wouldn't, or anything like that. I just didn't want to. Things were a lot different, I discovered, when you'd found your girl, and I had.

I got to stay at home a good while longer than the four days the General had promised me. It wasn't until the twelfth that I got orders to be in Washington the next day. They had let me stay as long as I could, I found out, because we were set to leave on the fourteenth. I had time to see Mrs. Eisenhower for a few

minutes at the Wardman Park. She was just as she had always been. It was evident how happy she had been to have the Boss home for a few days, and how happy he had been to be there. And then we had to fly off again. We left early on the morning of the fourteenth and I was a veteran now about flying the Atlantic; I didn't feel like Lindbergh any more. And this time, I thought, I probably wouldn't be coming back until the war was over. This was going to be it.

We landed at Prestwick in Scotland on the fifteenth and the General's private train was there waiting for us. We got back to London the next day and found it hadn't changed much, and that we had a new house to live in.

It was in the West End, about five minutes' walk from headquarters at 20 Grosvenor Square. It had been built, I heard, by a very eccentric old lady who was afraid things were going to get in at her. So she had bars made for every window in the house. Not just for the ground-floor windows, where you could see the point of it, but all over—all the way up to the third story, where anybody would have had to have wings to get in. A lot of things coming into London a few months later had wings, all right, but it took more than iron bars to stop them.

Colonel James Gault, who was an officer in the Scots Guard and the Boss's British aide, had us get locks for all the bars, which were on hinges so they could be swung open, and insisted that each one be locked every night. Apparently he, too, thought people might fly in. It was a lot of trouble and took a lot of time, and after the first couple of nights the General intervened; he didn't agree with the lady who had built the house, or the Colonel; he thought it would be enough if we just locked the bars on the ground floor. I was relieved; it

took just that much responsibility off me, and I had been worrying about the bars. And also it had occurred to me, as apparently it hadn't to the Colonel, that sometime we might want to get out of the house in a hurry, and it wasn't going to help to have to look up the keys to a lot of locks. In London you thought about getting out of houses in a hurry, if you could.

I suppose it never occurred to the Colonel that we might want sometime to retreat, even from a house. He was a fine man, but very firm. And his dress uniform was one of the gaudiest things I'd ever seen. He wore it now and then on special occasions and the first time Pearlie saw him in it she said, "Gosh! There's a Russian officer," and was very embarrassed when she found out who he was. He was with us the rest of the way.

The house was good sized. There was a small dining room, a kitchen, and a big living room with a fireplace on the first floor; three bedrooms and two baths on the second; and on the third four small bedrooms and two more baths. There were also additional rooms for the house staff in the basement, and a garage under the house. It was a good solid building, and one easy to black out, and both things were things you wanted in London that winter.

Just after we got there, the "little blitz" started. It was a "little" blitz to people who had been through the big one. But to those of us who hadn't, it was all the blitz anyone could want. The Germans meant business; they knew they had to mean business, because it wasn't possible, naturally, to keep from them the fact that we meant it too—that we were getting ready, now, to finish the business off. It would have been something for them if they could have got my boss; it would have meant something if they could have got all the officials, Army and Navy men who were in London, and in other places

in England, during those months we were building up the invasion—who came there, and went away again, and came back again. And every GI they got in London, where there were plenty of GI's, meant one less to come up the beaches at them when the time came. So they poured it on.

From the latter part of January on for week after week we had an air raid almost every night. And they weren't little raids. A flight of German planes would come across, dropping all they had, and after them another wave would come. And poor old London, sprawling out there in the darkness, just had to take it. London didn't take it lying down, by a long shot. Our planes were up there too, and the ack-ack was up there, and a lot of German planes came down, along with their bombs. And some never got over London, or over whatever target they had. But a lot did, and the bombs came down and the flames roared up again in the big town spread out there in the night. And between around ten o'clock most nights and midnight nobody got much sleep—and nobody was very easy in his mind.

You'd get a little used to it, or think you had. And then a bomb would come down pretty close and for a minute everything around you would seem to heave, and you'd find out you weren't used to it at all—and were never going to be. A good many bombs came down pretty close; a lot too close. But neither the headquarters buildings nor the house we were living in was actually hit and I told the Boss that a miss was as good as a mile. He said that was right—as long as it was a mile. Any closer didn't serve. Many of them hit closer.

The Prime Minister, who naturally wanted to look out for the man who was going to lead the invasion and win the war he had been fighting so long, set aside a private air-raid shelter for my boss. It was a couple of

blocks from the house and was a very good shelter—two bedrooms, one for the General and one for Commander Butcher, a bath, and a kitchen. I was to sleep in the kitchen. But we never did sleep in the shelter, any of us. The General looked at it, and agreed it was a fine shelter. He said, however, that he'd stay in the house.

I don't remember whether he explained in so many words; I don't suppose he did. But I knew him well enough to know how he would figure a thing like that. There were a lot of GI's around and they had to take their chances. They didn't have any private shelters to get into. About all they could do was to get under their cots, and pray if they were praying men. And the General figured that, as long as it was that way for them, it ought to be that way for him, too. He was in the Army, just as they were. He couldn't go and fight with them in the front lines. That wasn't his job. But when the war came to us, as it did there in London in those days, he thought it was up to him to take his chances with the rest.

Commander Butcher wasn't satisfied; he still thought there ought to be a shelter the Boss would go to. He scouted around and found another which was nearer, but General Eisenhower wouldn't use that, either. So far as I know, Pearlie and I were the only ones of our party who did use it.

We'd been over to the Red Cross center and either we started back late or the Germans came early. Any-way, we were still several blocks from the house when the sirens went and the planes came, and flak started going up and coming down. It always seemed, at times like that, that more flak was coming down than could possibly have gone up. A bobby loomed up in the darkness and told us to take shelter. We ducked into the

shelter Commander Butcher had found and ran into a very fine party.

It was operated by some people from the Oxford Group and about a dozen of them were there when we bounced in. They seemed to be very glad to see us and took us right into the festivities. They were singing songs and playing on a piano and generally having a gay old time and we sang songs with them, including some American ones, and nobody seemed to be paying any attention to all the noise and fire and terror that was going on outside. They were great people. Being with them, you could see how the British had come through as well as they had. I don't mean that everybody sang and had parties while the raids were going on; these were a special kind of people, and most of them were young. But they had the same kind of endurance, and bravery, that everybody in London seemed to have. This was their way of expressing it. And they certainly made us welcome.

After the raid was over, we started to go, but they wouldn't have any of that. They took us back into the kitchen of the house the shelter was built under, and it was a kitchen like you never see in the States. It was immense and old; just looking at that kitchen, somehow, made you realize how old London really is. There were big copper pots and things hung around the wall and there was more room than there had been in the shelter, so the party sort of spread out. They had tea and sandwiches and insisted we join them, and they seemed very sorry when we finally said we had to go. They hoped we'd drop in for the next raid, they said. It didn't happen that way, but that was one of the best air raids Pearlie and I ever had, in London or anywhere else.

We settled down quickly in the barred house and

things, as far as we were concerned, went back to the routine. Dry and I alternated driving the Boss; Farr took care of the messing and I did all those things I'd been doing, now, for almost three years—and exercised a kind of general supervision over the house staff, which kept on growing. I spent a week at school, learning how to handle incendiaries and put out fires, and every day or so I went around to see how Telek and his wife were making out. They weren't making out very well. They were interned.

They'd been interned since they were sent up from Africa. Nobody had known about the English law, or remembered it, anyway, but it provided that any animal brought into the British Isles had to spend six months in quarantine. There weren't any exceptions; Telek and Khaki might be General Eisenhower's dogs, and part of his official family—and certainly Telek, anyway, was at least that—but the law was the law.

So the poor pooches were locked up in a quarantine kennel and the General didn't like it. He thought they probably weren't getting enough to eat, and that anyway they'd be lonely, so he had us visit them and take them any food we could scrape up—bones, by preference. Their preference. They were very unhappy dogs and we missed them around the house, particularly Telek. We missed him when he wasn't there and I think the General did particularly. He had got used to having Telek on the couch beside him, or lying on the floor looking at him, when he sat in front of the fire and stretched his legs out toward it, as he liked to do. But there wasn't anything we could do about the English law.

We missed him more than ever when we got back to Telegraph Cottage, which we did early in the spring. A group of Air Corps officers had been using it but when

they heard that the General wanted it they moved out and, more or less on their heels, we moved in. It was much as it had been, except they had moved the furniture around and we had to move it back. It was a little like getting home, getting back to the cottage. But there were a lot more of us.

Before we went to Africa, there had been the Boss, Commander Butcher, and me and Moaney and Hunt. The five of us came back, but not alone. There were Sergeants Dry and Farr, of course. There was Williams, whom we'd picked up along the way, and James Cummings, who acted as a waiter; and Sergeant Herman Atkins, who was a cook, and an American, in spite of his name. And there was Sergeant Michael Popp, who had been a tailor in civilian life and now was going right on being a tailor. It required some rearrangement, because Telegraph Cottage never was very large, and now it seemed smaller than ever.

There was a little house on the grounds which Moaney and Hunt had used before we went to Africa. That was fixed up as a tailor shop, and Popp moved in. Then the maid's room behind the garage was cleaned up and Moaney, Hunt, and Williams moved in there. Dry stayed in London and came in and out; Farr, Atkins, and Cummings were given billets in a house a few blocks away occupied by some staff officers, and in return Atkins and Cummings helped out down there. And I used the General's trailer.

It had been brought up from Africa, where he used it some, and it was a trailer made for a general. It had everything—a bathroom with a shower, hot and cold water and everything you could want, including a very comfortable bed. I was very happy that the General let me use it, not only because it was very comfortable, but because it was the General's. I called it my personal

bungalow and lived in it about a month; then we set up a command post in Portsmouth and the trailer went there and I moved into the house. But it was fine while it lasted. There were buttons you pressed and the water was heated by electricity; you left it on about three hours and had enough hot water for a whole day. Of course, it was a little tricky, as things like that are. Once, for example, I turned the water heater on and then drove the General someplace and forgot to turn it off before I left. When I got back, Williams was waiting for me and he was still wide-eyed. He said that a while after I left the trailer all at once began to breathe steam—steam came out all over it. He and the other boys had run over and looked at it, and while they had an idea what was wrong nobody would go in and turn the heater off. Finally Williams had a bright idea; he turned the water off outside the trailer, where the trailer's supply was hooked onto the house supply, and then, he said, he knew it wouldn't explode, so he went in. I don't know much about that sort of thing, but it seemed to me then—and still does—that that was one way to get an explosion. But I didn't tell Williams. I just thanked him.

When I say I occupied the trailer a month I mean I occupied it when we happened to be at the house. Actually, we weren't there nearly as often that late winter and spring as we had been before. So many more things were happening now; all that time things were getting—I don't know exactly how to describe it. You could feel things tensing up; building up. It seemed, finally, as if we were hurrying all the time, as if there were increasingly less time to do it in. And I suppose, knowing what we were building for, we were getting tighter and tighter inside. You couldn't see it in the Boss so much. He still smiled, but now and then

looking at him you could see how big the job he had to do was. He looked tired more often than before, and we kept trying to think of things which would relax him. But we didn't have much time.

The army he was going to lead to France was big by then, and every day it was getting bigger—Americans and Canadians and British, and the French and the Poles and the rest. It was jamming up England and Scotland and the northern part of Ireland. And the General had to see it—had to see it with his own eyes, and let the men in it see him. So, from the moment we came back, we were always going on inspection trips. Sometimes we would go by car; if it was a long trip we'd go by train. The train trips were pleasant. Captain Henry L. Dienna was in command of the train and he did everything he could to make the General comfortable, as we all did. We'd have movies and sometimes the officers would get together and sing, and then we'd get to where we were going and unload the cars which we had taken along in the baggage car and go off and look at the troops. The General would inspect them—and he would talk to them, and find out how they were being fed, and look into the kitchens, and visit the hospitals and talk to the men there.

And at headquarters in London things were building up, too. All the top-ranking generals of the Allied armies were in and out—Patton and Bradley and Simpson and Spaatz, Doolittle and Quesada; Marshal Tedder and Montgomery and Dempsey; and navy people of our own and the British—Admiral Stark, whose office adjoined the General's and whom all the officers called "Betty," for reasons nobody ever told me; Admiral Frazer, Kirk, Admiral Byrd. And then, a good many nights, the General would drive to No. 10 Downing Street, and sometimes those conferences would last

until very late; sometimes until morning. You could feel things building up; you could feel that the time was getting short.

In March headquarters were moved to Kingston, and that became official SHAEF. It didn't make any great difference in our activities; things kept on building up. In my personal life it made more; Pearlie did not move to Kingston with us. Before that, driving the General to the headquarters in London and hanging around the office a good deal, I'd seen her almost every day. Now I was lucky if I got in a couple of evenings a week and Sunday afternoons. The General let me have those times off whenever he could; sometimes I think he strained a good many points to do it, because he is a man who keeps on thinking of little things about people even when big things are going on. I always noticed, for example, that Pearlie's time off and mine seemed to coincide wonderfully, and, of course, it needn't have happened that way. It was just something the Boss remembered to have happen.

The raids kept up, but we got sort of used to them. Now and then something would happen that would give you a start. Once, for example, we were just starting out in the train, at night, and when we got about a mile out of the station the train stopped suddenly and at the same time the sirens started. And then the fireworks started: all the usual fireworks—bombs, flak, flares, searchlights, everything. We were all rubbering out of the train, watching the men handle a searchlight near by, and then suddenly there was the grandfather of all explosions—an incredible noise and a flash that seemed to sear right into you. And we all hit the floor; we hit it in a heap, and I don't know, but I'd be willing to bet the officers in the other car hit it in a heap, too. I thought, as I did a good many times during the war,

"This is it." I remember thinking, in a kind of fuzzy way, that the big flash meant the gates of heaven had opened and we were all going in.

It took a couple of seconds to realize that we still all seemed to be of a piece, and that the train was too. And it took a couple of minutes for Captain Dienna to find out what had happened. It was simple. We had stopped right alongside a big rocket gun battery, and they had taken a pot shot at the raiders. That was all. It was certainly a lot. I hadn't been so scared since the Zet gun went off under my window at Gib. Your own side can certainly scare you a lot in a war.

I think it was the same trip—the other end of the same trip—that we watched assault training with the boys going in under live ammunition. That was always a rather frightening sight, and I was standing there watching it, not very far from the General, and heard him speak about it to another officer. He said that that was the only real training. He said that all GI's should have it, regardless of what they were doing in the war. And then—maybe I was self-conscious or something—I thought the Boss looked at me in a rather speculative way. I tried to sort of melt back, but he looked at me anyway. I thought, "Well, it will either kill me or make me." But nothing ever came of it. Maybe he hadn't looked at me at all.

The work of getting ready for the invasion didn't stop at the office or with the trips. Almost every night there were conferences—dinner conferences, mostly—at Telegraph Cottage. It wasn't entertaining, in any real sense: it was a series of conferences about the war. Often they lasted until late, and nobody got much sleep. Dry or I would drive the guests back to their billets and then, after I was sure the General didn't want me any more, I'd turn in. Then in the morning I'd get up an

hour or so before the General did, and see that the house was running—that there was a fire going and that all the staff was on hand and that the General's breakfast was coming along.

Commander Butcher still tried to think of ways to get the Boss to relax. He arranged to have a badminton court set up on the lawn, but we never used it much. There wasn't time. Now and then the Boss and Commander Butcher and I would play catch in the yard. Less often, the General managed to get a little horseback riding and a few times he rode a bicycle a little. But there wasn't much time for anything, except SHAEF. SHAEF had time to do what he wanted to do, which was to chase things and sleep.

SHAEF was a cat, of course, as you've guessed from what he wanted to do. One night, in April as I remember it, the General came back from dinner with the Tedders. When he came in he reached under his coat and brought out a very small, all black cat and put it down on the floor. He said this was now our cat and that we should take care of him, and that his name was SHAEF. Lady Tedder had given it to him; she had four of them, and gave one to General Spaatz and one to the Boss. SHAEF stayed with us the rest of the war, going to France finally, along with everybody. Telek never liked him much, and he didn't approve of Telek at all, but they got so they could tolerate each other, in a standoffish sort of way. Telek was jealous, of course, and SHAEF, obviously, just didn't like dogs.

In the middle of April I was out of it for a while because I was in a hospital having an operation on my nose. I'd been sniffling around for weeks and it was annoying everybody—me mostly, of course, but I figured it must be annoying the General, too. So I went to the

dispensary and the doctors decided I had what they called a "deviated septum." It resulted from an old injury; when I was a kid my nose had got in the way of somebody's fist. The only thing to fix it was an operation, and the General arranged to have me sent to a hospital at North Mimms. They operated, and while I was getting well Pearlie came to see me every day and brought me my mail, and the Boss and Commander Butcher found time to visit me, somehow. I wasn't there long; I figured it wasn't a good time not to be on hand to help the Boss, and the doctors, most of whom were Bellevue Hospital people, let me go. I got the surgeon who operated on me an autographed picture of the General, which may have helped.

I got back in time to be around when we set up a command post not far from Portsmouth. It wasn't in the town; it was in some woods outside it, and the General liked it. He hates cities, and the bigger the city the more he hates it. I've always thought that Abilene, Kansas, is the size of a town he really likes, if he's going to have to live in a town at all. I suppose he'd rather live on a farm. And he was proud of that; he thought being a Kansas farm boy was the best thing on earth to be.

From early May on we alternated between SHAEF at Kingston and the new CP, and didn't have much time at Telegraph Cottage. And I didn't get to see so much of Pearlie, which I didn't like at all.

We kept on making inspection trips. One, in the middle of May, took us to Northern Ireland to visit the Fifteenth Corps. My brother Frank was a tech sergeant in one of the outfits in the Corps, and the General told me to spend all the time with him I could—and I did. The General had met Frank in February, when Frank got a visit to London and came to see me, and I took

him in and introduced him to the Boss. The Boss gave him a picture, and talked to him, and Frank stood straight and said, "Yes, sir" a good many times. After we got out, Frank said, "Whew! I just made it. Another minute and my knees would have caved in." It wasn't because of anything the Boss had said, because he had been very nice to Frank. It was because the Boss had four stars. I knew how Frank felt, although of course I didn't feel that way any more. He was just my boss and a great guy, however many stars he had.

I saw a good deal of Frank during the little while we were in Ireland, thanks to the General. I told the General both of my parents were born in Ireland and he said it would be nice if I went to visit the places they were born, and hinted that he would give me time off. But I told him it was no go. They came from the wrong part of Ireland. My mother was born in Leitrim and my father in Clare, and a GI couldn't get to either place—legally.

On the first of June, 1944, we moved to the command post at Portsmouth. The long-range preparations were all done; we'd made all the inspections. Now all that the General had built for was coming up.

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## CHAPTER

### 7

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I SUPPOSE NOBODY can really describe those last few days before the big show started. Or rather, I suppose there would be almost as many descriptions as there were men to make them. Your nerves got tight, I know; you could feel the tightness all through you, and you could see it in the faces of other men around. Or possibly, of course, you just looked for and found in their faces—and in the way they moved and the way their voices sounded—the tightening up you felt in yourself.

Everything had been planned a long time in advance, the way it had to be, and the way it was going to be with the Boss running it. But in those first few days of June, 1944, there were—there had to be—thousands of things to do. Things that couldn't be done earlier; that had to be done now, and done fast. There wasn't any flurry. I don't mean that. There wasn't any confusion. There was just the feeling that everybody and everything around headquarters were moving faster and in more directions than they ever had before. And there was that feeling of tenseness. What it had been was nothing to what it was now.

Everybody who was important and was in Britain was around the CP at some time in those few days, and everybody who wasn't there was, at one time or an-

other, on the other end of a telephone, and sometimes the other end was a long, long way from our offices there outside Portsmouth. There were meetings going on all the time, beginning with the first night we got there, when the Boss had dinner with Field Marshal Montgomery and his staff. The Prime Minister was there, and he and the Boss had many conferences. General Smuts was there—the great old man from South Africa whom, you could see, they all admired so much. Ernest Bevin was in on the conferences, and De Gaulle and all the American generals. There were conferences early in the mornings, and then they went on through luncheons and into the afternoon. There were conferences at dinner and into the night. And the Boss's face was tired and a little drawn and very serious. There wasn't time for much talk; for any casualness. I drove the Boss and tried to have everything he wanted within his reach before he wanted it, and the tenseness everybody felt I felt too. And the days rushed past, until the fifth. Then the Boss had a big press conference. It was the first in a long time. You could see the same tenseness, the same excitement, in the faces of all the correspondents.

That evening the General went from field to field, inspecting the airborne troops and talking to the men who were going to be the first into that country the Germans had held so long; they were going to fly over the walls of what Hitler thought was a fortress we couldn't batter down. The big transport planes were spotted around the dark fields, and the tow planes and the gliders were lining up. And the men—well, they were standing around in the dark, and smoking cigarettes and talking, not very loud, and only now and then did you see some of their faces.

There would be groups around the big dark planes

and we would drive up near them and stop and the General would get out. He would go up to the men and talk to them, individually, the way he did, and he would smile. And he would ask them where they came from and the things he usually asked, making them feel that he—and through him, I guess, all the Army—was interested in them as individual guys, not just as guns with serial numbers. He would wish them luck, and they could tell from his voice that he hoped they'd have luck. He told each one he talked to that he knew he would do a good job.

We went from field to field, and as it got later the motors of the big planes would be warming up in the darkness, and finally the men would be climbing into them, looking big in their flying clothes and parachutes. They would be climbing into the C-47's, and the gliders, and they would be loading in their equipment.

We were back at the command post when they began to leave for France. You could hear them going overhead, and see them as big black shadows, and they were headed out across the Channel. And all at once it had begun—all that we had been waiting for had started.

And, just as suddenly, things at the CP sort of stopped. We just waited. There wasn't anything else we could do. For those few hours there wasn't anything more even the Boss could do, except to wait and listen. After a while the Germans began talking on the radio and to tell of our paratroop landings in France.

The Boss went to bed about three o'clock on the morning of the sixth of June. I went around at the regular hour, seven-fifteen, the next morning and he was awake. There was a big ash tray piled with cigarette butts, and it had been empty and clean when he went to bed. I thought, "He hasn't had any sleep." His face was drawn and tired, and he had only half a smile. I

asked him how he felt and he said, "Not too bad, Mickey."

He didn't want to talk. I brought him breakfast and he drank some fruit juice and coffee. That was all he wanted. I did the things I usually did in the morning and started to go out. Then I said: "I'll be right around if you want me, sir."

He knew that. It wasn't anything to say; it didn't mean anything. But I said it and he smiled again, that half smile, and nodded.

He kept by himself that day. He seemed anxious and his voice and face showed that tightness we had all been feeling. Now and then some officer would come with a report, and go away again, but most of the time he was by himself. He was waiting, the way we all were.

None of us around the office and the house had much to say, or wanted much to be with other people. That went for everybody. We felt, suddenly, a long way from the war. And everybody was very sober; it was the soberest day we ever had, all the time I was with the General. There just didn't seem to be anything more to say, and the little things that came up to laugh at most days didn't come up. Nobody made any of the silly little jokes we usually made—the kind of little jokes a bunch of men make when they've been together a long time, and remember the same things. We just waited.

Early on the morning of the seventh—that was Wednesday—Dry drove the Boss to meet Admiral Ramsay and the Boss went aboard the Admiral's flagship and across the Channel. I wanted to go with him, but I didn't ask if I could. He had enough to think about without finding a place for me on the ship. He went about six-thirty in the morning, and the rest of us went on waiting.

We expected him back early in the afternoon. That had been the plan. Around two o'clock we began looking for him, and he didn't come. All that afternoon he didn't come, and no news came, and we got more and more worried. And then at ten o'clock that night, he finally came. He looked very tired and worn. I went up to him right away, of course, and he smiled at me and I asked if we could get him something to eat. He shook his head and said he'd eaten. I asked him, the way I always did, what kind of a day he had had, and he said it was a good day. But he said he was tired. And right away he went to his trailer, in which he was living then, and I think that night he slept. Anyway, he looked more rested in the morning.

It wasn't until the next day that I found out what had happened. The General had transferred from the flagship to a smaller craft so he could get in closer and get a better picture of what was going on on the beaches. And this smaller craft, because the General kept telling them to go in closer, went in too close and went aground. It scared me when I heard about it, because they must have been in mighty close and the Germans would sure have liked to get the General. But they didn't, and after a while the boat the General was in managed to get off the sand spit or whatever it was, and got the Boss back to the flagship.

The next day we stayed at the command post and there was another press conference. The Boss seemed more like himself then, but he still wasn't cheerful as he usually was, and he still stayed by himself. I saw him only at meals. On the ninth, Dry drove the General back to SHAEF at Kingston for a meeting with General Marshall, General Arnold, Admiral King, and others who had come over from Washington. The General came back the next day. On the following Monday he, Gen-

eral Marshall, General Arnold, and Admiral King went to France; the Boss came back alone that evening.

I don't know exactly when it was that the tenseness, the nervousness, began to go away. I suppose it went away gradually as the news came in—the news that we were ashore, that the first big gamble had come off. You still felt that tremendous things were going on; the Boss was still tired and his face showed strain. But it didn't press down as hard as it had. I suppose it was like making a bet on a poker hand. You look at your hand and figure it and there's a moment when you're tense just before you make whatever bet you're going to make. After that you're still excited and nervous, waiting to see how it comes out, but it isn't quite the same. I guess, anyway, it must have been something like that for the General, only bigger. He had to make the decision, just as he had had to when we went into North Africa and again when we went ashore on Sicily. But this was bigger than anything before, of course, and this time the whole war hung on his decision. He had had to decide to call it off on the fifth, and had had to decide to go ahead the next day.

Now we were in there. What we had to worry about was staying there, and building up.

On Tuesday we went back to SHAEF. Sergeant Dry drove over to an airport and met the General's son, who was now Lieutenant Eisenhower. He had been graduated from West Point on June 6—and a couple of months before I had been thinking how swell it would be if the General were asked to make the address at the commencement exercises and we all flew back to the States. On June 6! Well, we were commencing something else that day; we were graduating across the Channel.

The Boss's son was a fine-looking young officer, tall

and rather slender, and the General was sure glad to see him. We fixed up a room for him at Telegraph Cottage and he was there Wednesday night and the next day the Boss took him to France. That time I did ask if I could go along. The Boss said he would like to have me, but he was going on a British ship, and he knew they didn't have any room for excess personnel and didn't want to ask them to make an exception. He said I would be going soon enough, and told me just to be patient. I stayed home and tried to be.

It wasn't altogether quiet in England, because the buzz bombs had started. They'd started, as far as we were concerned, on Tuesday, when one came right at us—and then kept on going. On Thursday, when the Boss went to France, they came over thick all through the early morning and didn't stop until after nine o'clock. They scared you, partly because they seemed so senseless—like a shell you could see coming, except bigger and more destructive. The Boss said they were the devil's own contraption, which certainly described the way I felt about them.

The Boss and his son flew back Thursday night and now the Boss was more than ever like himself. Having his son with him, even for only a few days, helped. You could tell that. Some of the tightness went out of his face.

The next night Commander Butcher arranged for us to have movies, to help the General's relaxation along. It was the first time we'd seen a movie for quite a while. There was a feature and a Signal Corps short showing Mrs. Eisenhower and their son at the graduation at West Point. The General had them run that a couple of times. He was very happy about it, and kept looking very hard at Mrs. Eisenhower when her face showed on the screen.

The buzz bombs kept coming in. You could hear them coming and see them, and you never knew whether they were going to land on you or not. There was no way of telling, and that kept you jumpy.

The closest one came to me was on Saturday, June 17, when I was at Telegraph Cottage. There were some mechanics there fixing up a shelter and I was watching them and then, in the early afternoon, the alert sounded. We heard the bomb a couple of minutes later and I climbed up on the top of the shelter to look for it and then, in another minute, I saw it. It was coming right at us; it was coming as if it had been aimed at the house.

I yelled at the others and jumped and we started to get in the shelter. And then all at once the thing banked over away from the cottage and landed in a field in front, and went off with a real bang. And it didn't do any damage except break one window and this—I thought a funny thing—lift some flowers out of a vase in the house without breaking the vase.

One of the guys who was working on the shelter was very impressed by the whole thing. He was convinced that the Germans had aimed the bomb at the General's house—picked it out from all the other targets in England and aimed at it deliberately—and that they had done pretty fancy shooting. I guess they hadn't. It was just chance, actually. But this guy never would believe that. He went around shaking his head, and saying that we had to give it to the Germans, they were pretty good.

It was the beginning of July before I got to France. There were more inspection trips before then, one of them to General Patton's army, which had its headquarters about fifty miles from London. Then on the first of July the General's son flew back to the States and Sergeant Farr, Lieutenant Colonel Lee, and a few others

who had short leaves coming to them went with him. That same evening the Boss, Colonel Gault, and I flew to France. We spent the next four days inspecting the front, looking at rocket and robot-bomb sites; getting the feel of this new war.

A good many people have tried to use words to picture what a country looks like when war has crushed over it. I'm not going to try to add any more words to those which have already been written. I'm not a war correspondent; I'm just a GI who went along with a general and saw a good many of the things he saw. They meant more to him than they did to me, because he knew the whole background of what was going on and, as I've said, I never tried to learn that, or even little parts of it. I had my job, which was not to describe the war, or even to understand the war, but to take care of the Boss as well as I could. So about all I can say about France in those days is that it looked—a lot of it that we saw looked—as if hell had moved across the land.

We went up to the lines and inspected men there; we went to hospitals and saw men there. We saw the bomb sites from which the Germans had hoped to finish off the battered, fighting people on the other side of the Channel. We heard a lot of the noise of war and saw a lot of what it does, and a few times we were close enough to landing shells to have to jump. We got out of one corps headquarters only a couple of minutes before the German artillery opened up on it with all they had, which was plenty. We went across a bridge which was under shellfire, and we were always on roads the enemy would have liked to hit. And he certainly would have liked to hit General Eisenhower. If he had, he would have hit a GI named McKeogh too. He didn't hit either of us.

A few odd things happened. There was the kid private, for example, who was guarding a fort overlooking Cherbourg and wouldn't let the General pass. He knew the General all right; he said he did when the General asked him. But he said he didn't have any orders about letting General Eisenhower in to see the fort. He was firm about it, but finally he agreed to call the officer of the day. It was a mighty flustered officer of the day who showed up, and it seemed as if he would never quit apologizing. The General told him not to reprimand the kid too hard, but to tell him that if he was sure of the identity of officers—and particularly of generals—he ought to know enough to let them pass.

We were on hand on the Fourth of July when General Bradley started some fireworks near St.-Lô by way of celebration. He started the artillery barrage just at noon by firing a Long Tom. It turned loose a lot of fireworks, all right—and I wouldn't have wanted to be where those fireworks were coming down.

The General, that same day, took one of the few unnecessary chances I ever saw him take. With General Quesada piloting, he went up on an operational flight over the lines in a P-47. It was strictly not just observation; it was a fighter patrol and it lasted for about forty-five minutes, and those were the longest forty-five minutes, just about, I ever lived through.

It was supposed to be strictly on the quiet, that flight. But the public relations officer somehow got to know about it, and when the Boss came back they were all around. The Signal Corps boys had their cameras out, and the Boss had to pose beside the plane and in the plane and getting into the plane and getting out of the plane. I saw a good many photographers while I was with the General and they're all the same, as far as I can see. Putting uniforms on them doesn't make any

difference. They can all think up the darnedest poses for a man to be photographed in, and they always want just one more shot.

The shots they got of the General that day didn't show him with any too pleasant an expression. He hadn't wanted publicity on that stunt of his; it was the last thing he wanted. As I've said, he hated anything that anybody might think was showing off. And he said there would be hell to pay if the press interpreted that flight of his as a stunt. He was annoyed with himself for having gone on the flight. Fortunately, it turned out all right.

We flew back to England the next day and got to headquarters just about the time a buzz bomb hit a hospital about two blocks away and blew it up. The Boss's face would always get dark and furious when things like that happened; he hated the buzz bombs and more and more all the time, it seemed to me, he hated Germans. By the time the war was over he really hated them.

The General was satisfied by what he had seen on his trip. You could tell that with one glance at his face, if you knew him. He was still serious most of the time, and he hadn't got over the tired look, but essentially he was in great form. We began again to think up things he could do to relax, and somebody thought of pitching horseshoes. So Dry and I rigged up whatever you call a place where you pitch horseshoes and the Boss, Commander Butcher, Dry, and I would pitch when we got a chance. He was pretty good at that; I guess it's something they do more often in Kansas than they do in Queens. But I'd learned something about pitching shoes when I was in training, so among us we could give him some sort of a game. And one day one of the officers came over all full of the idea that it would relax the

Boss to go fishing, so they went to a trout stream around there and fished. I guess it did relax the General; he always liked to fish and didn't get many chances while the war was on.

There were guests now and then, but the evenings were mostly on a conference basis. Secretary Stimson had dinner with the Boss and still seemed to have suffered no bad effects from the meat he ate in Africa—or from my guess at his temperature. Lord Halifax was another guest at the CP, where we spent most of our time.

Bad weather—the bad weather about which nobody was allowed to say anything for publication at the time, but which made things perilous for a week on the invasion coast—set in on the nineteenth of July. It worried everybody; the General's satisfaction with the way things were going vanished for some of those days, and his face was worried. And at night he smoked instead of sleeping. It wasn't until the twenty-fifth that the weather cleared enough so that the Boss could fly to France. I didn't go with him; he went early and came back the same evening. He had only been back an hour or so when General Smith came in to tell him that General McNair had been killed. The Boss had been with General McNair a good part of the day and he was very upset and shocked. He stayed by himself the rest of the evening.

Although our armies were in France, the command post stayed in Portsmouth for a few weeks more, and the house and office staffs stayed there too. That didn't mean the Boss stayed all the time, of course. He would fly to France, inspecting, conferring with our generals and directing them, and then fly back for conferences in England. We waited for him and did routine things and had our new battle uniforms refitted so they would look as much as possible like General Eisenhower's.

The new uniforms had begun to come over from the quartermaster in Philadelphia while we were getting ready to go to France. One of the first—probably the first—went to the Boss. The uniform consisted of trousers and the new short jacket. The Boss took one look at it and said it was terrible. The jacket was too long and it wasn't cut right. It didn't have any shape. The Boss isn't a man, as I've said, to wear clothes he doesn't like. I suppose he thinks a soldier ought to look like a soldier; anyway, he sees that he does. And he made it clear he wasn't going to wear anything which looked like that first battle uniform. He tried it on and sent me for Sergeant Popp, our tailor.

When Popp showed up the General told him what he wanted. He wanted the jacket shorter; he wanted it to fit—he gave Popp quite a job to do. Popp went at it and the result was the "Eisenhower jacket"—very short, very comfortable, and very natty looking. The Boss was pleased with it and began to wear it, and when we got ours all of us on the staff yelled for Popp. He was a good guy and he cut down all our jackets to make them look as much as possible like the one the Boss wore. We left Commander Butcher out in the cold; he had to keep on wearing blues and I could never see anything snappy about blues. They just look like civilian clothes with brass buttons, to me. But of course, I look at them the way an Army guy does.

I don't mean the Navy isn't a great outfit. If I had had any tendency to think it wasn't—if I hadn't myself seen what it did, and what kind of officers it produced in Commander Butcher—the Boss himself would have set me right. He said, I'll never know how many times, that it was all the arms together which won for us; won everywhere we went. It was the ground forces and the air forces and the Navy, and you couldn't pick out one

of them and say it was most important. Everybody says that, of course; it's the polite thing to say. But the Boss meant it, and he never got tired of talking about the magnificent job the Navy did putting the ground forces ashore in Normandy—and protecting the ground forces as they worked inland with those big Navy guns.

He was interested, as I've said, in all weapons. But if he was interested in one kind of weapon, one kind of equipment, more than another it was in the amphibious stuff. He was crazy about them—the landing craft, the ducks and amphibious jeeps and all those amazing things the two services developed to get across the water we always had to get across to get at the Germans. And once he told me that when he died he wished somebody would put his body in a landing barge and just start it off toward nowhere. Another time he told me that he wished we could just go off—the two of us—and live like hermits somewhere and never see anybody else. As I remember it, he said that one time when there had been an awful lot of conferences.

But those are just things a man says, I guess. I don't think General Eisenhower would really like it much being a hermit—or that there's much likelihood he'll ever have the chance to be one.

About the only opportunity he had to get away by himself in those days was when he went up in a Cub, and then he always had a co-pilot. He did that every chance he got in those last weeks in England, and I think it was the sport he liked best—more than pitching horseshoes, certainly, or playing badminton at Telegraph Cottage. Cub flying and horseback riding—those were the things the Boss really enjoyed most.

Nothing much happened to us during those few weeks. Dry and I invented a shower bath, using a stirrup pump. I told the General he needn't worry any

more about baths in the field; I could always rig him up a shower with a stirrup pump. He pointed out that he could use the shower in his trailer—and added that I could too, any time I liked. And they sent over a new kind of jeep and the General, who always liked to drive jeeps anyway, went out and got in it and began fiddling around with things. But he didn't start. I was around somewhere, not paying much attention, when all at once I heard that "*Mickey!*" I ran over and the Boss was looking pretty mad and when I came up he said, "How the hell do you start this damn thing? I've been sitting here ten minutes trying to get it running."

Fortunately, I could show him. The new jeeps didn't have any ignition key—they just gave ignition keys up because the boys were always losing them—and that was what had stopped the General. I told him what to do and he started it up and drove off.

It was on the seventh of August that we moved to France. Or, rather, it was on the seventh that I moved. The General stayed another day to have lunch with Secretary Morgenthau and General Julius Holmes and a couple of civilians from Washington. I went ahead to our new command post, which was in what had been an apple orchard at Le Molay. It was about twenty miles from the British front lines and all the time you could hear the artillery hammering away. From there the General could make his inspection trips by car—and did. And from there he could, when he had to, fly back to England for conferences at SHAEF, which remained at Kingston for the time being. And right away I began to fret because Pearlie wasn't there. She was still in England.

It didn't take the Boss long to notice that. It was three or four days after we got to France, to stay, that he came back from a flight to England and said he had

seen Pearlie and that she was all right. Then he smiled at me and told me not to worry about her—and that she would be coming along over very soon, with some of the others from the office force and motor pool. It was great news.

There was good news in big things too. We were going places and, even if you didn't sense it all around you—even if anybody couldn't tell what was happening when we went on inspection trips—you could tell it from the way the Boss looked and acted. He was in fine spirits those days.

VIP's were coming over pretty regularly in those days to have a look at what we had won and where we were winning. Anthony Eden was one of them, I remember. He came over a couple of days before Pearlie did and I met his car when it pulled up at the CP and he stepped out—and right away he shook hands. I was surprised; at first I thought he must think I was a general, because of my overseas bars and so forth. And I was surprised, and rather embarrassed, to find out that movie cameras were grinding away and getting it all. I think now he was merely being a good guy, and gracious, and knew all the time I wasn't a general. He was a very nice man, but I was surprised that he wasn't as dapper as I'd thought from the pictures he always was. His suit needed pressing. I wouldn't have let my Boss go around in a suit that needed pressing that much.

Pearlie came on the twenty-second of August and I went with a car to meet her—and some others of the office staff. It was wonderful to see her again and I took her around to where she was going to live before I went back to the General. And when I got there he was mad. He was as mad as I ever saw him. He was really furious.

It seemed that, while I'd been gone, he had wanted me and couldn't find anybody who knew where I was.

He told me that my job was to be around when he wanted me; he said a good many things before I got a chance to explain. The explanation was that Colonel Lee had sent me, because Farr was sick and somebody had to drive one of the cars to help the office people to get to us from the airport. Colonel Lee hadn't been around, apparently, or he would have explained to the General.

The Boss calmed down some, then. But he said never to go away again unless I told at least two or three people where I was. He said that when he wanted me, he wanted me to be there, or at least to have it fixed so that plenty of people would know where I was and how to get hold of me.

Of course, Colonel Lee and Commander Butcher did send me on errands sometimes. It was the natural thing for them to do, and it was natural for me to want to do anything I could, because they were both swell guys and more like friends than officers to me. But the General didn't really like it. He didn't like anybody, even his own aides, giving orders to the people on the house staff, and particularly to me. One time in Africa a couple of the boys were picked up for something by the MP's and one of them was restricted by the officer they took him before. The General found out about it by accident, and he was mad. He called the officer in command and told him, so there wouldn't be any mistake, that the people attached to him were attached to him, and if they were going to be disciplined, they would be disciplined by him.

As a matter of fact, he left some of the minor disciplining of the house staff to me, or, if I wasn't around for some reason, to Sergeant Farr. Sometimes I'd restrict the boys to the premises for a few days if they hadn't been doing their jobs properly, or not behaving

properly. What they did in their free time was their own business, but I tried to make them feel the way I did, that we were the closest to the General of any of the enlisted people, and that what we did, anywhere, reflected on him. So our boys had to wear ties and full uniform wherever there weren't special orders to the contrary—as there were at times in Africa—whatever the other GI's were doing. In London, for example, a lot of the GI's didn't wear blouses when they were on passes, but not the boys on our staff. They were a good crowd and felt the same way I did, really; just the same, I inspected them every day, or Farr did.

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## CHAPTER

# 8

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ON AUGUST 26 we started on a tour of the liberated cities. We went to Caen and Falaise—to what was left of Caen and Falaise. We went that night to Chartres, where General Bradley had his command post, and the next day we drove to Paris.

That drive from Chartres to Paris is one I don't think I'll ever forget. It was strange, because it was war and it was peace too. Along some of the roads there were German tanks and gun carriers and planes, broken and burned out, where the Air Force had got them when they were trying to retreat. There was one place where somebody had built a little fence around a plot of ground, and inside there were three graves. The two outside crosses had German helmets hanging on them. The one in the middle had a British helmet. And out in the fields there were broken parts of airplanes, sticking up at crazy angles and black where the fire had got them.

And there were neat little villages and little gardens, and they looked like peace. Allied flags were flying in the little villages and the people came out to watch our convoy pass. They held up their hands and made the V sign and shouted at us, and sometimes they sang. They ran along after the cars, even when they had no

chance to catch them, and they threw flowers at us. Everybody seemed to be very happy, and that sort of thing makes you very happy too. The Boss smiled at the people as we went past and it was a happy smile. And then we got to Paris.

We went in through the Orléans Gate and General Gerow and his staff and General Koenig met us there. Then we drove on to the War Office.

I don't know that I'd ever thought much about what Paris would be like—or ever, before the war started, thought much about Paris at all. But you couldn't go through the war with Germany—through all the cold and mud in Africa, and see all that had happened on the Normandy beach—and not get to feeling that there was something special about Paris; that it was somehow the thing we were shooting for. It was exciting to go into it, and know the French had it back. And, looking at it, you could see why it was so important to the French, and how it had got, somehow, to be important to so many people who weren't French. I'd seen a good many cities, and this was not really like any of them. It was special.

I don't know why. It is an idea you get about places. New York is special to me and always will be and no other city is the same. But Paris was special in another way, and it was beautiful. The streets we went through were wide and the buildings, most of them, looked old and at the same time—I don't know, exactly, grand. And the parks were beautiful and all very neat and orderly, and the whole city seemed to have a special kind of space in it. You could see what the song meant somebody wrote about Paris—"The Last Time I Saw Paris." This was the first time I'd seen it, and there weren't the taxis the song tells about, and I don't know that the city's heart was "young and gay." Most of the people

were riding bicycles, not taxicabs. And there were still barricades some places and barbed wire. But the city didn't seem to be much damaged and the people, seeing them from the car, weren't damaged either. And they were very glad to see the Boss.

At the War Office he conferred with General de Gaulle and then we drove on to the Arch of Triumph—and made a little detour so the General could go past the hotel he had stayed at in Paris during the last war. Americans always seem to get to Paris when there's a war going on, somehow. At the Arch we stopped and the General talked to some French officers—General Koenig and some people on his staff—and there was a big crowd and they cheered and waved. The General got out of his car and spoke to them and they cheered some more and waved and everybody looked as if a great thing had happened. I think it had.

We went to General Koenig's headquarters near the tomb of Napoleon after that, and in the afternoon drove back to Chartres. When we went through the same little towns going back the people were still lined up and cheering and throwing flowers, but this time they weren't cheering us. Not primarily, anyway. They were cheering the long convoys of troops on their way up—a way that was taking them through Paris, but a way that didn't stop there.

Our big reception this time came from the boys going up. They spotted the Boss's car as it drove along—spotted it by the stars and the glimpses they got of the Boss inside. And they yelled—they sure yelled. They held up four fingers to indicate to one another who it was, and they cheered, and we drove along beside the convoys going the other way and the cheers went along with us. The Boss waved back to the men when they waved at him and yelled at him, and he had that big

smile for them. I think the Boss had a real good time that day.

We got back to the command post that evening and the next day the General flew to England to meet the Prime Minister. Colonel Lee, Miss Nana Ray, a Wac warrant officer and the Boss's private secretary, and I drove to Granville, where SHAEF Forward was being set up. There were three SHAEF's then—the command post was SHAEF Advanced and the headquarters in England was SHAEF Rear. At Granville the general offices were in a schoolhouse; the Boss's office was in a Dallas hut across the street and his trailer was parked near it so he could sleep there when he chose. But he also had a house in a little village about seven miles from Granville.

It was the awkwardest house to get into of all the ones we had, because it was set a long way back from the main road and the drive had a sharp turn in it that none of our cars could negotiate without jockeying. Every time we went in or out we had to go as far around the curve as we could, back up for a new start, and then go the rest of the way. It was a nuisance. The house was just a house, with a living room and a dining room and a kitchen, and enough bedrooms so that we could have guests as they appeared. And we also had two cows—they had been got so that the General could have milk and cream, which were hard to get. The General liked milk and cream—and the cows too, I guess. He also liked to have candy in his desk drawer, in case he got hungry, and it was one of our jobs to see that there was always candy there.

And he began to worry, when we got to France, that he was getting fat. He'd ask me when he was dressing if it looked to me as if he were gaining weight and I'd say it didn't, and he'd say he would have to cut down

on his food and get more exercise, because he was sure he was getting fat. I don't think he did get fat, but some of his clothes shrank—the shirts particularly—and that may have made him think he was gaining.

If I walked the way the General does, I'd think I got enough exercise that way. He takes very long strides and takes them fast, and if you're supposed to keep up with him he just about wears you out. And he used to insist that you keep up with him; he hated to have people trailing along behind. There was one officer who did—that was back in England; one officer who walked what he thought was the correct couple of paces behind the Boss when they were on the streets together. And once the General, who was trying to talk to his officer, got thoroughly fed up with having to twist around all the time and said: "Look, if you want to walk with me and talk, come up here where I am so I can see you."

He has a bad knee, which I don't think is generally known. He got it somehow when he was much younger—playing football, some said. Most of the time it didn't seem to bother him—it certainly didn't slow him down—but now and then it would slip or something and then it was evidently painful. The most trouble he ever had with it, while I was with him, was right after we moved to Granville.

He and Captain Dick Underwood, his co-pilot, went off in a Cub—they went to Avranche and then by bomber to General Bradley's headquarters and then back to Avranche and into the Cub again. And on the way back the weather went bad and they were forced to make an emergency landing on a beach near Granville. They weren't hurt in the landing, and the plane wasn't, so they wrestled around with it in the driving rain and wind and finally managed to push it into some woods. Then they had to walk a couple of miles

before they got a ride in a jeep. The General, as a result, came home drenched and worn out and cold—and the wind had driven sand right through his clothes and into his skin. And he had done something to the trick knee.

He said at first that it wasn't anything, but after a while he had to admit that it was. It swelled up; he could hardly bear to put any weight on it and finally the doctors had to put it in a cast. As a result, he was forced to spend a good deal of time in bed.. And the newspapers got hold of it and made it sound as if he were badly hurt—they had him all laid out to be buried. It wasn't that bad by a long way, but it made him uncomfortable enough and he conducted as much business as he could without getting up—and that made me nursemaid, receptionist, and general office boy, of course.

He did manage to go to Paris on the eighth of September to make a speech. They had a mike rigged up and for some reason the Boss didn't think it was connected and said, "Is this thing working?"—except he may have qualified the kind of thing it was. It was working; it was working right at that moment, and his question went booming out of the loud-speakers.

Telek had rejoined us and jumped up and down on the bed and got in the way generally, and SHAEF was there, watching what Telek did as if he thought it was pretty silly. And there were the cows, with which I had as little to do as possible. And the lighting system in the town was the most erratic I ever did see; it went off and on and off again, and there was no rhyme or reason to it. I always thought the men running the power plant worked only when they wanted to, and went off and left the plant if they thought of something better to do. The whole thing—helped out by the way his knee hurt

—annoyed the Boss very much, particularly when the power failure interfered with the water supply. So he had them get a portable generator and ordered that it be taken with us thereafter wherever we went. It was, although we seldom needed it as much later as we did there in Granville.

On the twentieth of September we moved again. Headquarters went to Versailles and the Boss moved into a new house in St.-Germaine. This was really quite a house; Von Rundstedt had used it until it turned out he didn't have any further need for a house in France. The Germans had built a very elaborate bomb- and gasproof shelter under it, with one entrance through the basement and another coming out on ground level, under a trellis of flowers. It was artificially ventilated; it was arranged as both office and sleeping quarters, all very elaborate.

It was a big building surrounded by a high brick wall and hedges; there were flower gardens and trees in front and more flowers and shrubbery behind. The house had a big living room and a music room and a smoking room downstairs, as well as a dining room and kitchen; there was a master's suite of bedroom, bath, and sitting room on the second floor and four other bedrooms and three baths, and on the third floor there were five more bedrooms, a bath, and two washrooms. It was a really big house—about five times as big as the General wanted. He didn't like it at all and said so. Headquarters insisted there was nothing to do about it—it was either this house, which they admitted was pretty big, or one which would certainly have been too small. And this one had a good lot near by where we could park the cows.

The house was about four miles from the offices at Versailles—the main headquarters offices in the Hotel

Trianon and the General's own offices in a small villa adjacent to it. The Germans had used the same offices; in Colonel Lee's office there was a bust of Goering which they had decided not to take with them. The Colonel left it there; he just turned it so it faced the wall.

I spent a lot of time going around Versailles and Paris, as I had to do to familiarize myself with the area. I found a lot of perfume and bought a good deal of it, as all the GI's were doing. Most of them had to send it home to their girls; I sent some of it home to my mother, but my girl was there. She was moving along with us now. She went on some of the inspection trips we were always making.

The General was always very careful about the Wacs who were along—Pearlie or any of the others. Of course, it was usually Pearlie, or if there were several, one of them was Pearlie. According to regulations, the enlisted Wacs would eat in the enlisted men's messes where we stopped, but the General didn't think the EM messes were good places for girls to go—not in the field, particularly. So he always saw to it that any Wac driver along with us ate in his mess. And he didn't like to have the Wacs drive at night. If it turned out that one of them did, he always had one of us take the Wac home. When the Wac was Pearlie, naturally I was the one who took her home. And she—Pearlie, not just any Wac—had a standing invitation to come to the house whenever we had movies, and to come around to any meal that she might happen to miss at the Wacs' mess. He kept an eye on her, just as I did. When she'd have a cold or look a little pale or something, he'd see to it that she went to the dispensary for a checkup. If I hadn't already known he was a great guy, that sort of

thing, of course, would have made me realize what kind of a guy he was.

Things were going very well then, early in the fall of 1944. A lot of people, I've heard since, thought the war was about over. Most of the people who thought that were safe at home, but I've heard that a good many people in the Army—and not all GI's, either—thought it was all over but the shouting. I don't know how confident the Boss really was; I do know there wasn't any talk like that around headquarters, then or for a long, long time after then.

We were moving faster. The army at the front was moving faster, and that meant that headquarters was moving up faster too. Late in September we began preparations to set up a new command post at Reims. The post was set up early in October.

Little things happened along then that I remember. Some shortages cropped up—cigarettes ran low, for one thing. The Boss stuck to his ration, but he rolled his own to fill it out. And we made butter with an egg beater out of cream we got from the cows, because we could make better butter than the Army had and the Boss liked it. And Fred Astaire and some other USO people had dinner with the General and he asked them if they could sing the Artillery song. They couldn't and the General shook his head at them, so one of the boys asked the General if he could sing it. The General said he couldn't.

"Well," this man said, "you're a general. If you can't sing it, why should I be able to?"

But they could sing the French national anthem and they all did. Von Runstedt should still have been in the house to hear them.

It wasn't true the Boss couldn't sing the Artillery song; he sang it a lot of times with General Spaatz and

other officers when they could come over for dinner—it and the "Beer-Barrel Polka" and "Home on the Range" and "Abdul el Bulbul Ameer" and "Boots and Saddles." But that was with other men, when a lot of men can sing who wouldn't try it alone—especially with professionals around. The General would whistle the Artillery song and the "Beer-Barrel Polka" sometimes when he was feeling good, and sometimes he would sing when he was more or less by himself.

And there was talk about voting then and the Boss asked me if I was going to vote. I said I hadn't planned to and he was rather put out, and said it was an obligation and a privilege that nobody ought to miss. But I couldn't get up much interest in the election and I didn't vote, finally. Most of the boys seemed to feel a good deal the way I did about it.

My brother Frank, who was a sergeant in the counter-intelligence outfit, showed up in Paris and got in touch with me, and when I told him about it the Boss said I ought to see him. He fixed it so I could by giving me Sunday off, and then he arranged that Pearlie should have Sunday off too. So the three of us spent the day in Paris, walking along the streets and seeing the places we'd heard about and sitting in sidewalk cafes and watching the people. It was a fine day and Pearlie and Frank got to know and like each other. And fortunately, since it was Sunday, the shops were closed, which is always a break, I guess, when you're in Paris with your girl.

And we had a big rush of VIP's beginning the first of October—General Marshall, General Bradley, James Byrnes, a lot of British marshals—almost everybody you could think of. They kept us jumping, and made us glad we had the big house, which didn't seem so much too big now. Everybody was pleased with the way things

were going; you could feel confidence all through headquarters. But still nobody did any talking about the war being almost over. The Boss did say he couldn't see what was holding the Germans up in Aachen; he did seem confident. And when we went on trips we didn't, so far as I could tell, run into anything which lessened his confidence.

We visited Verdun in the middle of October, and most of what I remember about is meeting an old pal from Corona, Corporal John Walsh. We talked more about Queens than we did about the war; it was swell to run into somebody who remembered so many of the same things I did. I suppose, in a way, I felt about Corona the way the Boss felt about Abilene, although I guess there was always a better chance he'd know—or anyway know about—somebody who came from Abilene than there was that I'd know somebody who came from Queens.

The next day the Boss went with General Bradley on a trip through his area, and I stayed to help move General Bradley's command post to Luxembourg. I drove his car there and got to see something of the city. It is a nice, clean, quaint sort of city, with a beautiful valley running through the center of it, and I had a real good glass of beer there. It was the first really good glass of beer I'd had in a long time, being in France. I told the General about it afterward and he looked sort of wistful, I thought, and said that good beer was certainly one thing the French didn't have.

He heard that day—October 13 it was—that the King of England had given him the Order of the Bath. And the next day the officers at General Bradley's headquarters gave him a birthday party, with movies and a big dinner—and a cake with the SHAEF insigne worked on it in icing and crepes suzette; General Bradley's cook

had been a New York headwaiter in civilian life and went in for things like that. Then we went back to Versailles, and right away we started to fix things up at the new command post in Reims. Actually, the CP was at a little town called Gueux, just outside Reims.

We had another house at Reims—every place we went we had a house, and each one, somehow, seemed to be bigger than the last one had been. And each one, I guess, the General liked less, and with each one he wished more and more that we had a comfortable little place like Telegraph Cottage. It would have been a better war for the Boss if we could have taken Telegraph Cottage along with us, the way we were now taking the portable generator and the cows.

The Reims house had once been owned by a champagne king and it was very large and surrounded entirely by high walls. It had the usual big living room; it had five bedrooms on the second floor and as many more on the third, and then on the fourth floor there were more small rooms. It had an elevator, which we used when we were feeling lazy and when we moved in and when, a good deal later, we moved out. The grounds were wide and pleasant, with flowers and big lawns; the champagne king had done himself very well, if you liked things on that scale.

The command post offices were on the grounds of what once had been a famous castle; a place, somebody told me, where the queens of France and their ladies used to stay when they went to Reims for ceremonies at the cathedral. The castle had been damaged in the last war and torn down later, and the local chamber of commerce—or whatever the French have in place of a chamber of commerce—had made it into golf links. You went into it across a bridge over what had been the moat of the castle; the stables had been turned into a

clubhouse, and now we turned them into offices and living quarters. We reinforced the bridge so that our heavy stuff could go across—it took a strong bridge to handle things like the General's trailer, and the two office trailers, and the couple of sleeping trailers we had for overflow VIP's.

The General liked the setup at Reims and after it was ready—we worked for what seemed like weeks, always in the rain, getting it ready—we spent more time there than we did at headquarters. But of course we spent as much time on trips to the various commands, and to the different parts of the front, as we did at either headquarters or the command post.

I remember a few of those trips pretty vividly. There was one we took to Nancy, for example, to confer with General Patton. We took over part of the hotel there and the General had what they said was the Presidential Suite—two very large, cold rooms, one to sleep in and the other to use as a sitting room.

The Boss went off with General Patton to inspect and I set about making the suite habitable for him when he came back. The first thing I did, naturally, was to build a fire in the fireplace. It was a fine big fireplace, so I built a fine big fire. When it was going well, I piled plenty of wood on it and went on about my business, which was to get myself something to eat. After I'd eaten I went back up to see how my fire was coming. The door of the room was open and the room was full of smoke, and the MP on guard was blacked up as if he were going into a minstrel show and all around the fireplace it was wet—the whole room smelled that awful way a place smells when you've put out a wood fire with water. I just looked at the MP and he started talking.

He said after I left the fire had spread out from the

fireplace and started to burn all the wood around it and he'd had to hump himself to keep the whole hotel from burning down. He said to look at him, if I didn't think so. I looked at him, and thought so.

I went in and looked at the fireplace and so far as I could see it was all right, although maybe not for as big a fire as I'd put in it. So I started another fire, but a mild little fire this time, and watched it for a while to be sure it was all right—and that it was ventilating the room, the way an open fire does. When I was sure it was going to be all right this time, I went on about my business again, which this time was waiting for the General to come home. He came home with General Patton and they went into his suite for a conference and the Boss said I could go to bed. So I went to bed.

When I went to call the Boss the next morning it didn't take me long to see that the conference hadn't been very peaceful. I took one look at the living room and went on into the bedroom and the General turned around and looked at me, very cross, and wanted to know what the hell kind of a barn we were in. There didn't seem any answer to that, so I didn't make any. Then he told me what had happened after I left.

The fire went all right for a while, and he and General Patton sat in front of it. Then it died down and the room began to get cold and they piled a lot more wood on it. And then the two generals spent the rest of the evening trying to keep the hotel from burning down—throwing water on the fireplace, beating it with pillows, finally tearing down part of the woodwork to get at fire they couldn't reach otherwise. And finally they had the fire out—and the room full of smoke and that smell of burned wood. And then they had to go into the bedroom, which was cold and damp, and wrap up in things to continue their talk. The whole thing

made the General not like Nancy. For that matter, he didn't like me very well for an hour or so. It's obvious now I should have warned them the fireplace was a little peculiar, but for some reason I hadn't thought of it at the right time.

Another trip we made was to the Sixth Army Group, which included the American Seventh Army and the French First, and from the group headquarters we went out to inspect the French front. And that was really something. It was raining hard, for one thing; it rains just about as much in France as it does in North Africa, so far as I can see, and always on trips.

We went out of French headquarters in a blaze of glory, with salutes and ruffles and everything, and a couple of French MP's on motorcycles as outriders. And with me driving the General's car and depending entirely on those motorcycle madmen as guides. You know how motorcycle riders get anyway, even at the best. These two were French, and all the French need on any motor vehicle is an accelerator and maybe a horn, and they were MP's to boot. And there was a little French car—a kind of French Ford—up there with them.

Somebody gave a signal and the motorcycles and the little car started off as if they'd suddenly hooked onto a cable. I gasped a little and started as fast as I could and after a couple of minutes almost caught up with them. That was what they were waiting for; when they saw we were in place they really opened up.

Some of the roads were narrow and twisting and all of them were wet, with big puddles in them. And that didn't mean a thing to the French. I've driven fast before, although not often with General Eisenhower. He hates fast driving; his theory is to leave in plenty of time so that you don't have to drive fast. But I've never driven faster, and under worse conditions, than I did

that day, chasing that little car and the one of the motorcycles which didn't break down. One of them broke down right away, but that didn't help matters much.

We'd go roaring along, throwing up spray in all directions, skidding around curves, and scaring ourselves and everybody we passed. And I had to keep up, because nobody but those crazy French guides knew how to get to the places we were going. We'd slow down to about sixty-five or seventy going through towns, and it was clearly the idea of the French that we were too important to stop for anything. We had General "Dweet" D. Eisenhower.

In one little town we were blazing our way through, a traffic MP tried to stop the little French Ford at an intersection. He stepped out, blew his whistle, and held up his hand. Then he jumped, because the little French car wasn't stopping for anything. It almost did, though—a big Army truck came out of the intersecting road and clipped the little car, and almost turned it over. It wobbled all over the road, still without slowing down, and managed to straighten out and keep going. We slowed enough to let the truck through, and the truck driver certainly looked startled.

We kept on going. Going through the puddles in a driving rain got the brake bands wet and I couldn't tell whether I'd ever be able to stop. The French Ford apparently thought it was an amphibious jeep and skidded through the lakes in the road at full speed. I began to think that not even a stone wall would stop that little car—and that eventually a stone wall, or something as solid and unpleasant, would probably stop us. And then, just when I'd begun to give up hope and was driving in a kind of blur, the little car finally ran into a lake too wide and deep for it, and conked out. An-

other car, also French but a good bit more moderate, took over the guiding and the rest of the afternoon wasn't quite so bad. I don't remember anything we saw that day—and we must have stopped and inspected places, of course. All I remember is that crazy chase through the rain after that crazy little French car.

Finally we got out of French area and they took their leave of us, with salutes and flourishes, and after they had gone the Boss sighed so that I could hear him in the front seat and asked General Devers, who was in the back seat with him, if he knew the way back from there. General Devers said he did.

In that case, the Boss said, he would appreciate it if General Devers would guide me back and General Devers agreed, of course.

"And," the Boss said, "let's take our time."

I don't know that I ever heard the Boss say anything as if he meant it more.

When we got back that evening I got up courage to ask the Boss if it was all right for Pearlie and me to get married.

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## CHAPTER

### 9

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PEARLIE AND I had been engaged a long time; a year is a long time, when you feel the way I did. We'd been talking about getting married, and what our life would be after we got married. We'd agreed on things that we'd do then; that we'd have children, of course, and that we'd name the first boy after the General; that we'd get a little house and I'd get a job. We'd said all the things and made all the plans that people do make, I suppose. But to us it was always something new, and as if nobody had ever made plans like those before.

All our plans for a long time were based on the idea that we'd get out of the Army and then get married. And the war kept going on and you couldn't see when it was ever going to end and so finally we began to talk about getting married while we were still in the Army, although we knew what it would mean. There was a rule against married personnel serving in the same theater of war. We knew about that; we had to take that into account. If we got married it would be the most wonderful thing there could be, but we couldn't stay together except for a few days. And then one of us—and it would be Pearlie—would have to go someplace else. We'd thought about all that. And still we wanted to get married now.

This isn't a story about Pearlie and me, and I've

tried not to make it one. But all the time since I met her, most of the things going on inside me had been about Pearlie and me and it couldn't be any other way. Sometimes that part of it has to come into the story, because it touches on the Boss and me. It did now, when we decided we wanted to get married right away and I went to him and asked his permission.

He listened when I told him how we felt about it now, and then he smiled and after a moment he nodded. He said that now he didn't have any objections. He said when we got back to headquarters it would be all right if I went ahead and made arrangements. I hadn't expected him to say anything else, but it was great when he said that.

There was, I reminded him, one hitch—his own order that people in the Army delay three months after they had said they wanted to get married before they got married. He smiled and said that needn't stop us; he said it wasn't meant to hinder people getting married when they felt about it the way Pearlie and I did. He said it was to make sure that people didn't rush into things they'd be sorry for afterward. He said that he was certain that Pearlie and I were not rushing into anything and that we would not be sorry about it afterward. He said he thought we were really in love. I suppose I just stood there and nodded at that. There wasn't any point in telling him again what he knew already.

He reminded me that we would have to be separated after we got married, because of the rule about married personnel in the same theater. He said he couldn't do anything about that. He couldn't change the ruling for us, or make us an exception to it.

I said I knew that.

He said he would send Pearlie back to England after

we were married and I said I hoped, instead of that that he could arrange to have her sent home. I explained why.

Pearlie had something wrong with her back. It wasn't very serious, the doctor said, but it needed treatment. Pearlie thought, and the doctor seemed to agree with her, that it ought to have treatment by an osteopath; that that was the only thing that would do any good. They don't have osteopaths in the Army. The doctor at the dispensary agreed, I told the Boss, that it would be better for her to go home where she could get the treatment she ought to have, and to try to get out of the Army.

The General thought a minute and said that if that was the way we wanted it, and if that would be best for her, he'd see that she went back. He said he would have Colonel Lee arrange for her to have transportation back to the States after we were married.

So we went ahead and made the arrangements, and everybody helped, Colonel Lee and Captain Butcher—he was made captain that fall—and everybody else, including the General. And Special Service made a wedding gown. They had one of the dressmakers in Paris make it for the WAC, but for this time the WAC meant Pearlie. It was made for her, so it would fit her; it was a general issue wedding gown, but it was made just for Pearlie. After the ceremony it went back to Special Services and other Wacs used it when they got married in Paris, but for them it had to be pinned up or let out, or whatever you do to make wedding dresses fit when they are really made for somebody else. It was made for Pearlie.

We were married on December 16 in Marie Antoinette's chapel in the palace at Versailles, a year to the day after I had given Pearlie an engagement ring at the

house on the farm outside Algiers. The Boss came to the wedding; I heard afterward that he was having a conference at headquarters with a number of officers, and all at once he looked at his watch and said: "Gentlemen, I'm sorry. You will have to excuse me. I have to go to a wedding."

We were married by Father John Keegan, the Catholic chaplain of the headquarters company. Colonel Lee gave Pearlie away and Sergeant Margaret Chick, one of the Wacs who had come over with her to North Africa, was her bridesmaid. Sergeant Farr was my best man. And afterward the General gave us a reception. He couldn't stay long; he was very busy that day. I didn't know then how busy he was, or why; I just knew that he seemed more rushed than he had been for some time, and that, although he was smiling with us and seemed to be trying not to show it, he was worried again. But I could forget that that day, kneeling with my girl, very beautiful in her GI wedding dress, and hearing Father Keegan say the words I'd been waiting to hear.

The Boss gave us a hundred-dollar war bond and we got a good many other presents; and we had important guests—General Smith, the Boss's chief of staff; Major General Everett Hughes, Brigadier General Davis, and a good many other officers. And Captain Butcher, who was going away on a trip, gave us his apartment in Paris.

At the reception, Father Keegan bestowed the Pope's blessing on the General, acting as a deputy for Archbishop Spellman, who had received permission from His Holiness in Rome.

And on December 16, a few hours before Pearlie and I were married in Marie Antoinette's chapel, Von Rundstedt attacked with twenty-four divisions in the Ardennes in that last great effort the Germans made

to break out of the pen into which we were driving them. I suppose the conference General Eisenhower left to attend my wedding was considering that; and that it was that which put the worried look on his face again.

Pearlie and I had a week in Paris. Then she went back to the States by air; she flew in the same plane with the new French ambassador to the United States. The Air Corps boys held her up a couple of days until there was a comfortable plane going. They wouldn't let her go in one that had just bucket seats.

And after she had gone I went back to the Boss. In a way I was glad to be with him again, because big things were going on again and he ought, I figured, to have me around. The boys had been taking care of him all right. But he wasn't at ease with them, the way he was with me. He needed everything running as smoothly in the house as it could then, because there wasn't any joke about the German drive.

Actually, the worst was over by the time I got back, although the battle was a long way from finished. But we were set to meet it, by then. The boys told me that at first the Boss looked very worried and that there was a kind of turmoil around headquarters—a kind of orderly turmoil—with conferences all the time, quick staff meetings to take up some new thing that had just come up, the telephone going all the time, and messengers coming in and going out. And nobody getting any sleep. The General got to looking tireder and tireder for several days, the boys said, and there was a lot of worry on his face. By the time I got back, General Patton was hammering at them from the south—they had been stopped, or at worst slowed, everywhere; they weren't going to get Antwerp. But there were still a lot of them in the big bulge they had made.

And, as everybody now knows, a good many of them had got through—not in companies or regiments or anything like that, but as individuals and in little groups. They were wearing American uniforms and they were on the roads back of our lines. We knew that; the MP's were finding them, wearing American dog tags sometimes, and picking them up. And behind our own lines we were guarding road intersections with armored cars. And all around headquarters there were reports that they had been sent to get our important leaders, and most of all to get my boss. It was logical; it was what they would want to do, because he was the guy who was running the armies which were licking them.

And the Security boys were scared; they were really scared. Here we were, four miles from headquarters, living in a house which was—and couldn't help being—isolated. And around here, for all we knew, were Germans hiding in American uniforms, trying to get at the Supreme Commander. It was a situation to make those responsible for the Boss's safety shudder. It worried all of us—except, maybe, the Boss himself. He pretty much pooh-poohed the whole affair; he never did like people going out of their way to see that he didn't get hurt.

But they persuaded him. Against his wishes, they got him to move into Versailles where a better eye could be kept on him. He moved into the same building in which the other officers were quartered. Colonel Lee and I stayed in the office building and the guards all around headquarters were tripled. There was a big park behind the offices and it was full of French MP's. Our own MP's were all over the place, on all the roads. Three times in a block, sometimes, you'd be stopped and required to show your dog tags and then tell what state you came from, and what the capital of that state

was. The General himself was practically kept locked up, which annoyed him intensely, because he was always a man who wanted to go out and look around.

But that wasn't all. In order that any Germans who might be around wouldn't know he was no longer at St.-Germaine and start looking for him in better places, we kept up the pretense that he hadn't moved. Lieutenant Colonel B. B. Smith, an officer of the Security Command, was supposed to look like the General. I never thought he did, particularly, except maybe from a long distance. He wasn't as tall as the Boss, for one thing. However, other people apparently thought the resemblance was closer than I did, so he was assigned to impersonate my boss. Every evening, at about the time the Boss usually left the office and drove to St.-Germaine, Colonel Smith would come out wearing the General's overcoat and get in the car. Then Dry would run him out to the house in St.-Germaine, with the usual escort, and Colonel Smith would go in and take off the coat. Then, looking like a lieutenant colonel again, he would come back out quietly and get in one of the jeeps and ride back to headquarters. That was supposed to fool the Germans, and maybe it did.

I'd go back and forth too, as I had before the bulge, so that if anybody identified me as the General's orderly they wouldn't suspect anything because my routine was changed. We moved stuff in from St.-Germaine at night, which was quite a job, and everything, in addition to being exhausting and nerve-wracking—because after all the Germans might be around there—was rather like a thriller. No Germans were caught around headquarters, however, as far as I know.

We never went back to St.-Germaine. After about a week we moved into the summer villa on the grounds of the Trianon—the place Pétain had lived in in the

old days. It was another big house—it had an enormous tile and marble foyer, like the entrance to a museum, with a library on the right and on the left music and smoking rooms. The living room was enormous, too, and beautiful, with bow windows at one end and French doors opening out onto a porch and onto what had once been a beautiful garden but now looked rather neglected and run down. There was a big suite on the second floor—several rooms, connected, and with a balcony off the one used as a study—and that was the Boss's. There were five other bedrooms and four baths on that floor and six bedrooms and a couple of baths on the floor above. It was really a big house; everybody called it "Hotel Eisenhower." The General didn't like it, for the same old reason; he used to look around at it and talk about Telegraph Cottage. But we had a lot of visitors while we were there and several times it wasn't any too big.

Prime Minister Churchill was one of the guests, and there were a great many more, including most of the generals. General Patton was there once, I remember, and that day they went off to a preserve to shoot. I think they were after birds, except Patton, who shot almost everything he saw—rabbits, mostly. I took him a box of shells when they started and he looked at them and shook his head and said, in that high voice of his, that I'd better get him some more.

"I'm a shooting so-and-so," he said, except naturally he didn't say "so-and-so," not being a general who minded words like that. And he certainly was. The shells lasted hardly any time and he got a lot of rabbits.

We moved into the Versailles house on the last day of 1944 and on that night German planes raided all through France and Belgium; all the chief towns and cities in our hands were raided by at least one plane.

One of the things hit was the Boss's train, which had come over from England two weeks before and was in the yards at St. Nazaire. The hits weren't direct. One was about seventy-five feet off to one side—it hit a hospital train, which had been emptied a few hours before. The second bomb hit about twenty-five feet behind the train, damaging two cars and scaring the crew, but not seriously hurting anybody. Major Dienna was convinced that the Krauts had been gunning for that train, thinking the Boss was in it, and perhaps they had.

They were armoring the Boss's private car at the time, and after the raid and the damage he insisted that the crew's car be armored too, and it was. The two damaged cars were temporarily replaced by some French cars and the General used the train the next day to go to the British front. It was used frequently thereafter, for long trips, and when we got into Germany. But most of the inspection trips could be made by car. We just went farther up and closer in. As the Germans fell back out of the bulge they'd made, we went in after them. Everywhere, that January, we were going ahead, and the General was pleased; always we were on the heels of a retreating enemy.

We went to Bastogne and Houffalize early in January with General Bradley and General Patton. You could see all around, in the snow, evidences of the great fight the airborne boys had put up there—and of what it had cost them, as well as the Germans. The fields were all white with snow—and you could see mounds in them that were the bodies of men. Our men and the Germans' men. It was cold and the bodies were frozen, and sometimes there would be an arm sticking up, still and frozen. And there were smashed-up C-47's around, and smashed gliders and tanks that had been hit and burned out and left by the roads and in

the fields. Our tanks and German tanks. And we saw vehicles—trucks and half-tracks—that had been captured by the Germans and marked with the swastika and then recaptured by us. The swastika was still on some of them. Some places the snow had melted a little in the sun and left men's bodies lying on the earth, with the bodies of cattle killed in the fight. You could see what our boys had been through and nobody talked about it much, or needed to.

In Houffalize there was nothing but blasted bridges and torn-up earth and broken vehicles—and bodies. Most of the equipment, and most of the bodies too, were German. The town had been in a valley; you couldn't say it was anywhere, any more. But it had been in a valley and the Germans had made a last-ditch stand there. Our big guns had just lobbed shells in, and our planes had poured stuff down, and it looked as if nobody had missed. Bastogne was knocked to pieces, but it was nothing compared to Houffalize.

The German had made his last big gamble in the bulge, the General thought, and said. He thought the results had been decisive, and not only for that particular German try. He thought they had been decisive for the whole war—it couldn't be long, he said, if the supplies kept coming. They'd shot their bolt.

You could feel that confidence all around you. The Boss himself was a hundred per cent more cheerful than he had been. Everybody was breathing easier, as if we were on the home stretch. The boys began talking about the war's ending, and getting out of the Army; the Boss seemed to feel that it wasn't too soon to decide what was going to happen after it was over, and he talked to me about what I was going to do then; what my plans for civilian life were. He asked me if I had ever thought of staying in the Army, which in a way

put it up to me. I said no. I said I felt I was on top of the world being with him, but that just being in the Army—no. I guess I was a civilian at heart, even after all that time in uniform. I guess most of us were. The General thought that, since I wasn't going to stay in, I'd better begin thinking about what I'd do when I got out, and I did begin thinking about it—not that I hadn't been all the time; about Pearlie and me, and the kids we hoped to have, and the little place of our own we hoped to get. But it all seemed nearer, somehow, after we had beaten them back in the bulge.

But there were still a lot of Germans to kill, and we all realized that. And something that happened along then made the Boss more determined to kill Germans than ever. That was the murder at Malmédy of some of our unarmed men who had been captured and were standing in a field—and some of whom were medics, who had never been armed. That made everyone bitter; it must have made the people at home bitter. And it made the General more bitter, it seemed to me, than it did anyone else. After all, in a special sense, they were his men. He had always disliked the Germans—more than disliked them. But now he hated them. And now, when he talked to the GI's, as individuals, he always ended up by telling them to get in there and kill Germans.

You do funny things in war, only they seem perfectly natural at the time. While thousands of men were killing one another, or trying to, a few miles off, Sergeant Moaney was sitting up around headquarters—sitting up almost all night, after working all day—trying to keep a sick pup alive. It was one of five that Khaki had along then, as soon as she rejoined us, almost. One of them was sickly and the vet said it couldn't live, but Moaney wouldn't have it that way. He fed it for four days, with

a medicine dropper. And then it died anyway, and he pretty near cried. The General heard about it and said Moaney was a good man, and that he would see to it personally that Moaney got one of the pups, even if somebody else had to go without one. But it worked out all right—the General kept one pup, one went to Captain Butcher, one went to the General's son, who now was in France with the Twelfth Army Group, so there was one left for Moaney. But Moaney was still sorry about the pup that died, and I guess we all were.

Another trip we made along then was to Cherbourg and Le Havre, where the Boss inspected the port battalions and the supply dumps, and where he gave a field promotion to one officer who had led a group which uncoupled two burning ammunition cars from a train of ammunition cars and hauled them off—and saved nobody knows how much property and how many lives. We visited men in camps waiting to be sent home; we ran into one group of German prisoners assembling jeeps and the Boss said, "Let's get away from here; I hate those fellows." And we visited hospital ships waiting in the harbor to sail for the States and the General talked to the men. I remember he asked one kid what he did in civilian life and the kid said he was a farmer. That pleased the General, who always liked farmers, and he told the kid that he knew quite a bit about farming himself. He said to the kid, "How's about giving me a job on your farm after the war?"

The kid looked up at him and sort of grinned and said: "Sure, sir. Only I'd have to try you out first, of course."

The Boss thought that was swell.

We ran into something on that trip he didn't think was swell. That was a camp for battle-fatigue cases, where the men were waiting for redeployment or to be

sent home. And that's what they were doing—just waiting. Just sitting around waiting. And the General was sore about that. He called the captain in charge of the camp and dressed him down. He told him that was no way to treat battle-fatigue cases. He said that was the way they had treated them after the last war, and some of them never got over it; some of them just kept on the rest of their lives doing nothing, thinking there was nothing they could do, figuring they weren't worth anything to anybody, including themselves.

The Boss said the men in that camp ought to be kept busy. They ought, he told the captain, to be made to understand that the Army didn't think they were all washed up, and useless and no good. The Army ought to treat them in a way which would make them know that they had done a good job, and ought to be proud of it, and that they still had good jobs in them.

The way to do that, he told the captain, was to give them a routine—a schedule. He said that there should be some drill and some physical training, and that men with particular skills should be given work to do. He said that the carpenters could build some shelves in the mess hall and the painters could paint them, and the men who had been truck drivers could haul the materials. Then they would all realize there were things they could still do, maybe in the Army and certainly when they got out of it.

I guess things changed quite a lot at that camp after the Boss's talk.

The Boss went back to Paris after that trip, for conferences. Colonel Gault and I and the boys went to Reims, to which headquarters was being moved. We went into the house there and fixed it up for the Boss.

We stayed in Reims the rest of the winter. The head-

quarters offices moved into a schoolhouse, which people afterward called the "little red schoolhouse." It wasn't little; it was a big schoolhouse, with rooms for all the offices, and plenty of space around for parking cars. The Boss's special train came to Reims and parked and, when it wasn't in use by the General, we used it as a place to go—there were ping-pong tables in the station, and we could sit around in our part of the train, and we got into the habit of going there in our free time instead of into town.

The General made most of his trips by plane from Reims, because the front was moving faster than we could keep up with it. He would leave in the morning and come back the same evening, and almost always he came back in fine spirits. When I'd ask him, he'd say he had had a real good day, and you could tell he had by his expression and by his smile.

We were pretty well fixed up at the house. Farr dug up a movie screen and projector so we could have movies whenever they were available without the Boss's thinking that he was robbing the men. I'd noticed how, on one trip to General Bradley's headquarters, the Boss had enjoyed playing billiards, and I spoke to Colonel Lee about it, and he saw that the Boss got a billiard table. And we got a portable record player and somebody sent the Boss an album of West Point songs, and after that there was a good deal of music. Also, with the record player, the Boss could play back recordings of speeches he had made, and listen to himself. He would study them very carefully, his face serious, and I think he was figuring out how he could be better next time. He was always good, for my money—except once, which wasn't his fault.

That was one time along then—I don't remember when; it may have been earlier and been a Christmas

message to the troops—when he made a recording which was to be broadcast. He sometimes made them in advance, so his voice could go out even if he was too busy to broadcast personally. Anyway, this recording was made and the evening it was to go on I went in and reminded the Boss at dinner that he was speaking and suggested I turn on the radio. He agreed and I did and there was music and then the announcer, all very clear and good, and then the General. And all at once the whole thing fell apart. The General's voice just went clatter, clatter, and you couldn't understand a word he said. He sounded like Donald Duck. It was awful.

Captain Butcher, who knew about radio, figured out what had happened, and it was something about a different frequency where the recording was made and where it was played. It was, apparently, just one of those things. And I certainly wished I hadn't suggested turning on the radio, because while he would no doubt have heard *about* it, almost anything would have been better than hearing it.

But I thought he was always good when he spoke, except when, like then, something else interfered. I thought, and a lot of people thought, that he talked like Clark Gable—forceful, direct, and to the point.

In the middle of March we flew down to southern France where there were rest camps on the Mediterranean for officers and men. The officers' camp was in Cannes, which was off limits to enlisted men. The enlisted men had Nice, which was off limits for officers—and it always seemed to me the enlisted men got the best of that bargain. They put the Boss up in a villa overlooking the Mediterranean—a very beautiful place, which had been owned by an American. The Boss was supposed just to relax and look at movies and enjoy himself. He did for about three days, although you could

tell that by the end of the third day it was wearing thin. The fourth day, when I went to his room in the morning, he told me to pack up. He said:

"Mickey, you and I are getting out of here and going on a trip. Pack enough stuff for about three days and let the other boys take the rest of the stuff back."

So we left the Mediterranean and flew to München-Gladbach, where there was more going on, it being General Simpson's headquarters. There was a lot going on; we were going across the Rhine. The night we arrived we went with General Simpson to watch our jump-off across the river which was supposed to have been a great barrier—and which, as everybody knows, didn't stop us long.

Early in April we went to General Bradley's headquarters in Wiesbaden and from there by car to General Patton's headquarters. We drove through a peaceful-looking countryside. It was as beautiful country as we'd seen anywhere, and the roads we drove on were like our super-highways. And the Boss looked at it and shook his head.

He said it was hard to understand why, with a country as beautiful as that, the Germans didn't stay in it. "In their own yards," he said. He shook his head, as if he were puzzled. Because, he said, they could have stayed in their beautiful country, and they didn't; they had gone out and asked for trouble. And they were getting it. He looked at the fields and quit smiling. "They're sure getting it," he said.

We were at General Patton's headquarters for several days. On one of them, the Boss and General Patton went by car to visit a German concentration camp—it may have been Buchenwald. The Boss's face was black when they came back. He said he had never seen anything to equal what he had seen that day; that no

punishment was too great for a people who could do things like that. He told me a little about what he had seen, and he said that some of the things he had seen made him sick. He looked sick when he talked about them—and very angry.

We were at General Patton's headquarters when President Roosevelt died on April 12. I heard the news on the radio that night, along with the other boys—and felt, I guess, the way everybody, or almost everybody, felt. The next morning I went to the Boss's room and asked him if he had heard. He nodded, and told me that General Patton had got the news and passed the word to him. You could see it had come as a shock to him, just as it had to average Joe Citizen. There wasn't much to say about it. He said the country had suffered a terrible loss.

I asked him if it would have any effect on the war. He shook his head.

"I don't think so," he said. "But it is liable to have a terrible effect on the peace. And on the home front."

"Well," I said, "I hope now Mr. Churchill doesn't die on us."

He nodded to that.

"Yes," he said. "He's another great man."

I asked him what he knew about the new president and he said he knew very little, but that he was very sorry for him because of the terrific responsibility he would now suddenly have to assume.

It was right after that—when we got back to Reims—that the Boss told me there was a new point system for discharges coming up and that it looked as if all of us would have enough points to get out. He said he would not try to hold anybody who wanted to go, and that he thought I probably would want to go. Because I knew by then, and of course I had told him, that Pearlie was

going to have a baby. I told him yes, I did want to get out as soon as it was all right with him.

He told me to find out how the other boys felt, and whether they all had enough points to get out. I checked, and they all had enough points and wanted to get out, except Moaney. Moaney had enough points, but he didn't want to get out of the Army—not as long as he could be with the General. He called him "General Eisenhouse," the way he always did, and said he didn't want to leave him. The Boss was pleased about it, I think, although he understood how the rest of us felt. But he liked to have Moaney around, because he knew his habits. So in the end, Moaney stayed longer than any of us. He certainly thought a lot of our boss.

All of us did, and our being anxious to get out of the Army didn't mean we still didn't think it was wonderful to work for him. But we wanted to get out of the Army.

A lot of the GI's who came in contact with the General got to feeling about him the way Moaney did. I suppose the man who felt that the most, next to Moaney, anyway, was a motorcycle sergeant named Sid Spiegel. He wasn't even regularly attached to us, but he was with us quite a while there in France. He and another guy acted as sort of advance couriers—they'd go out ahead, sometimes hours ahead, sometimes a whole day, and work out routes when we were going on trips. Then they'd guide us. And, of course, they were guards, too, only mostly they were guides. Spiegel was more interested in being a guard than a guide and used to think of himself that way. Sometimes he'd spent almost a whole evening whipping out his .45 and aiming it and then putting it away and whipping it out again, and it made us all kind of nervous. But he wouldn't stop. He said that sometime General Eisenhower's life

might depend on his getting that gun out fast, and just a second might make a difference and he wasn't going to let the General be killed merely because he hadn't practiced enough.

He always wanted to do things for the General—things he didn't have to do, that weren't his job. He wanted to polish the General's shoes, for example, and sometimes I'd let him, although usually that was one thing I preferred to do myself. But when I'd let Spiegel do it he'd seem very happy, and he'd spend hours. He'd polish a shoe and look at it and polish it some more and put it down and do the other shoe. Then he'd pick up the first shoe and breathe on it and polish it some more, and then go back to the second shoe. He could spend more time on two shoes than anybody I ever saw, and I spent a good deal of time on the Boss's shoes myself.

Finally I'd get the shoes away from him, and back to the Boss's room. Then the next day he'd want to know whether the Boss had said anything special about the shoes. The Boss hadn't; after all, there's only so much you can do with a pair of shoes and I always did it. So I'd just tell Spiegel that obviously he'd done a fine job, because the Boss would have been quick to say if the shoes weren't right and that, after all, doing a perfect job was just doing what he was supposed to do, and when the General had accepted it it was a perfect job. He always looked sort of wistful, but that was all I could say.

And then when they found out they needed more combat soldiers and began to retrain men for front-line duty, the Boss was the first to cut down the people around his staff. He wanted his own setup to be an example. (He'd always wanted it to be an example, too, in not overpromoting men. He didn't want it to

appear that he was surrounded only by enlisted people with high rates, so he was slower to promote than a lot of other generals.) He decided that he could get along without Spiegel and his pal and sent them to another outfit. Spiegel looked pretty sad and they promised him that if they needed him they would send for him.

A little later one of those unfortunate things happened that do happen in an army. We did need a motorcycle man for a trip and Spiegel was alerted. And then, for some reason or another—maybe some other sergeant rated him and wanted to go instead—Spiegel wasn't sent for and we went without him.

Spiegel had a picture of the General the General had given him. He always kept it hung over his cot in the barracks. And that day, when we went off without him, he went in and turned that picture so it faced the wall. He got a lot of kidding about it from the other guys in the barracks and for a while it got so bad he got to sleeping outside, in a jeep or something. But he never turned the picture back.

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## CHAPTER

# 10

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AS SPRING WENT on we knew the end wasn't far off. It might come any day. When it came it wasn't a surprise, except in that way that anything is a surprise when it really comes after you have been waiting a long time for it.

On the evening of the sixth of May the General came home about six o'clock with Captain Butcher and Colonel Gault. They all seemed very happy and relaxed. After dinner they sat in the small living room and talked and played cards, and didn't seem to want to go to bed. It was as if something which had been pressing down on them had suddenly quit pressing. At eleven-thirty they still didn't seem to have any plans to go to bed, but I thought I might as well. I went to the Boss and asked him if it was all right. I asked him if he needed me for anything more. He said he didn't.

"But I want you around, Mickey," he said. "I may have to go back to headquarters."

He smiled when he said that, and he didn't need to say anything more. "This is it," I told myself; "this is sure enough it."

I went to my room and undressed and went to bed, but it turned out I wasn't sleepy after all. I thought I had been sleepy, but now I wasn't. I just lay there and smoked a few cigarettes and wondered if this was really

it. I was still awake when the bell in my room rang at one-thirty. It rang suddenly and hard; it was a very urgent bell. I was out of bed while it was still ringing and getting into my clothes.

I was still dressing and the bell rang again. It told me to hurry. I hurried. I ran downstairs buttoning my shirt and with my tie in my hand. The Boss was half dressed—apparently he had gone to bed, finally.

"Get the car out, Mickey," he said. "We're going to headquarters."

He had the happiest grin on his face I'd ever seen in all the time I'd known him. You didn't have to look twice to know we'd won the war.

I ran for the car, buttoning my shirt as I ran. I brought it around and the Boss was ready and we went, in the dark, the little way to headquarters. I let the Boss out, and he was still smiling. Headquarters was buzzing; you could feel movement all around you. Things were happening.

The General started in and then turned around and smiled and told me to go back to the house and have the boys fix up a couple of fried egg sandwiches and some coffee and bring them down. I hated to leave the place where things were going on, but I turned the car around and started back. I hadn't gone very far when I met Farr hurrying down. I sent him back for the sandwiches and coffee and I turned the car around and drove back to headquarters. I parked the car and went in.

All the lights were on inside. They were bare electric lights, hanging down on cords from the ceiling. They made bright, hard light in the corridors. I went upstairs to the offices, and the corridors were jammed with brass and newspapermen and photographers—and people like me, who had some sort of right to be there but were

really just standing around. I stood up against the wall. Everybody was milling around and the reporters were talking and the photographers were holding their cameras ready and pushing flash bulbs into those gadgets they use flash bulbs in. Everybody was excited and—I don't know—released.

I'd been there a couple of minutes and then some officers came out of a room two doors down the corridor. General Strong was leading, and then there were three Germans and then a couple of Russian officers. The Russians had big smiles.

I don't remember whether I knew the names of the Germans then, but I found out afterward. General Gustaf Jodl, the German chief of staff, came first. He was very pale and looked incredibly tired and sort of sick. The overhead lights beating down the way they did made heavy shadows on his face. He looked straight ahead out of very tired eyes, and his expression didn't change even when all the flashlights around went off.

Admiral Von Friedeburg of the German Navy looked pretty much the way Jodl did—tired and sick. There were dark circles under his eyes and he looked really sick, like a consumptive. There was another officer I thought was a colonel with them. He was a lot younger and he didn't have much of any expression. He was very natty and he didn't look so tired. Those two Russians looked on top of the world.

They went into the War Room and then we all waited again. I stayed in the place I had against the wall. After a few minutes they came out and this time General Smith was leading them. He looked tired and drawn, too, but when he saw me he smiled a moment and nodded and said, "Hello, Mickey."

The two Russians were still beaming; they were beaming more than ever. And as they went along they

nodded to the people they passed—like me—and grinned at them. They were certainly a couple of happy-looking men.

It had happened, then. The Germans had signed, and General Smith had signed in behalf of the Boss, and the Russians had signed. It was over—the whole thing was over.

General Smith led them into the Boss's office. They stayed there about a minute—maybe a little bit more. I heard afterward that the Boss, who wasn't smiling then, asked them three questions: Did they know what they had signed? Did they intend to live up to the terms? Did they know what to expect if they didn't live up to the terms? They answered yes to all three. "All right, that's all," the Boss said. It took, as I said, about a minute. Then the Germans came out again.

Farr had brought the sandwiches while they were in the office and when everything seemed to be over in there I took them in, with the coffee. The Boss was at his desk and he had a really happy smile. I thought I ought to say something. I said:

"This isn't much of a victory meal, sir. But we'll make up for it."

The Boss grinned at me. "That's all right," he said. "There's nothing like a fried egg sandwich when a man's hungry."

There were a lot of people in the office. Captain Butcher, Sir Arthur Tedder, Admiral Sir Harold M. Burrough, General Smith, the Russians, and some more. The Signal Corps was taking a lot of pictures—of all of them standing there smiling; of the Boss holding the two pens which had been used for the signatures; of Captain Butcher holding the pens—of all those things photographers can think up. They didn't get any pic-

tures of the Boss eating his sandwiches, but they would have if he had let them, I guess.

And two who weren't there were Colonel Gault and Colonel Lee. Nobody had thought to wake them up. They both slept right through the end of the war. And they were very mad about it. They were mad at Captain Butcher and they were mad at each other—because somehow each one got the idea that the other should have waked him up, and neither was satisfied by the other's explanation. And they were both mad at me. They were annoyed at almost everybody, from the Boss on down through the whole house staff—Farr and everybody. You could see how they felt, of course, and it was too bad. I suppose everybody thought everybody else would wake them, if anybody thought of it at all. I can't say I did. And, anyway, I didn't have any time. The Boss was in a hurry that morning.

You'd have thought that, after the surrender was signed, everybody would have taken a deep breath and rested for a few days. But nobody did. We got back to the house at about five o'clock that morning and at the regular time I wakened the Boss and he was in his office by eight-fifteen. There seemed to be just as much to do as there had been while the war was still on. It was business as usual at headquarters, and there wasn't any celebration. The war just ended, and the work went on. Nobody was surprised that it had ended; the news had come sort of piecemeal after we crossed the Rhine.

What did happen, of course, was that everybody—all the GI's, I mean—began talking about points. Everywhere you went you heard talk about points. One guy would have enough to get out. The next guy would say, "Hell, I haven't got enough points to get a pass to Paris." Somebody asked if the General had enough

points to get out and I said he sure did, but he was a thirty-year man.

The Boss told me that the men who had enough points were now pretty sure of getting home soon, and that those with the most points would go first. That sounded fine to me—I had 120 points, which was right up there.

There was some talk around headquarters about the AP man, Kennedy, and his breaking of the story about the signing. The Boss said it seemed to him a pretty small thing to do, and an easy way to get a scoop; he said he thought Kennedy would be in bad with the other correspondents—and he sure was. I thought myself it was a bad thing to do, because, in addition to anything else—any bigger matter of policy, I mean, about which I wouldn't know—he seemed to me to have endangered the lives of a lot of men still at the front. I mean, the Krauts had a lot of isolated units which maybe hadn't heard, and the news—once it was out in the States got around fast on our side. I figured some of our boys would hear when the Germans opposite them hadn't, and that maybe some of our boys would get excited and start jumping up and down—and get shot. I don't know that that did happen, but it seemed to me it could, and that the AP man would be responsible. But that was my own idea, and I don't know that anybody else had it.

Late in May, the Boss flew to England for a few days' rest, and we packed up to move on. We weren't moving toward home; we were moving toward Germany. There was a lot to pack, now—when you keep house all over Africa and England and France you accumulate a lot of things, just as you do if you keep house anywhere. Only we moved oftener than most people do, and had more things. We went to Germany, and in addition to every-

thing else we took our cars on the train, and the cows, the dogs, SHAEF the cat, jeeps, the billiard and ping-pong tables, the record player, the movie screen and projector, and, for all I remember, that portable generator, too. We went by train to Frankfurt, taking eighteen hours on the trip, and moved into a new house.

Frankfurt was knocked all over the place; you got a real idea what our air power had done to German cities. It was full of rubble and the principal building of the I. G. Farben Industries was the only big building that wasn't just about ruined. So the headquarters offices were set up there. But it was funny—in spite of the rubble all around, Frankfurt somehow gave the impression of being a neat and orderly city.

I have to admit that, in spite of all the things they did, you had to admire some things about the Germans. They were very industrious, for one thing. By the time we got to Frankfurt after the surrender, they were already out at work on their farms and the women were out trying to sweep up the sidewalks and clean up the streets. And Germany always—on our trips before the surrender and while we were in Frankfurt—seemed to me about the most beautiful country I ever saw. The cities were clean and the buildings were modern. Some of the farms were run down, because they hadn't had any machinery—you'd see them plowing with cows instead of horses. But they were plowing.

The people seemed very clean and healthy looking. They didn't gape at us or try to force themselves on us while I was there—which I admit wasn't long. And, of course, the nonfraternization rule was in effect, which certainly burned some of the GI's up. Most of the Germans I saw helped the GI's to obey that rule—particularly the German soldiers, a lot of whom were still

around in uniform. I suppose they didn't have any civilian clothes to get into.

The Frankfurt house was, as far as I was concerned, the best house we had while we were overseas, and I include Telegraph Cottage. It was actually in Bad Hamburg, about twelve miles from Frankfurt. It was a big estate; a farm, really. The house was back about a thousand feet from a country road; the drive went between two huge iron entrance gates and circled a big flower garden, which had an enormous tree in the middle. The house, as you came toward it, looked like a ranch house. The living room—which had a fine fireplace—and the dining room both had French doors opening out on a terrace and from the terrace you could see more beautiful flower gardens and a lawn which sloped down to a pond which had a little bridge across it. Two ancient but lively ducks lived in the pond. There was a little office, which you reached by a concealed door from the foyer, and beyond the office there was an aviary and a greenhouse. When we got there, eighteen orchids were blooming in the greenhouse. There was room for everything in that house—for the billiard table and the ping-pong table and everything else. And it had all been kept up just as if there weren't any war; the war certainly hadn't bothered the man who owned that place.

There were fields and plenty of room for the cows, and an Army gardener named Holt—a corporal—started raising garden produce in another field, using German prisoners to take care of it. It was certainly living in the country. One of our cows had a calf and the Boss explained to me how you wean a calf. You get its head between your legs with a bucket of milk in front and first you let the calf take milk on your fingers and gradually push its head into the bucket. The Boss said

when you did that, you wore old clothes; I never really cared that much whether the calf was weaned or not. It was a bull calf anyway, and all the future it had was veal.

The General had a nice bedroom and bath and a sitting room which opened onto a porch. There were two guest rooms with baths, and five other bedrooms and baths—and a big kitchen, a basement laundry, plenty of storage room, and two furnaces. It was quite a house. Just walking around the grounds you could get all the exercise you needed.

But we didn't stay long. The Boss was called home and we left Germany on the sixteenth of June. There was a big convoy of planes—fifty-six other officers and men went home in that convoy. We stopped at Bermuda, and there was a story in the papers that the Army rushed tailors down there to fix the General up for his reception at home. That was a lot of nonsense; the General had plenty of clothes and they were in good condition. The tailors did go, but they were to take care of some of the other officers who didn't have summer uniforms. My boss didn't need tailors—Popp and I had kept his uniforms looking the way a general's uniforms ought to look.

We got to Washington on June 18. And I didn't get to ride in the parade. The General had planned to have me, but one of the boys who was to have taken care of the Boss's gear got word that his mother had just died, and the General arranged to have him fly home right after we landed. So that afternoon I stayed behind and handled baggage—the Boss's and General Smith's. I got the Boss's stuff to the Wardman Park and then I went to the Statler and got ready to have dinner at the White House. That was sure something I'd never thought would happen to me.

And, of course, I called Pearlie up. She was out in Minnesota visiting her folks.

I went to the White House and showed my invitation card and was ushered right in. My boss was standing there with the President and as we came up he introduced us to the President. The President held out his hand when I came up and I took it while the Boss said: "Mr. President, this is my sergeant, Mickey. He's been with me a long time."

The President smiled and said: "Let's shake on that again," and we did.

I met General Marshall and talked to him a minute, and some other people. Then we went in to dinner. I sat next to General Handy, and Sergeant Charles Kiley, a reporter on *Stars and Stripes*, sat on the other side.

General Handy was interested in what we thought about the war, what our views and opinions were; he made both of us believe that he was really interested. It seemed to me remarkable that a high officer would really be interested in trading opinions with a couple of GI's, and I said something like that later to Charley.

"Well," he said, "that's one of the things we fought the war for."

It was, anyway, something I'll never forget—the way General Handy acted, and the whole dinner, and being at the White House and everything. But, and it's a funny thing, I have forgotten what we had to eat. I think it was lamb, but I don't really remember. And that's one of the first things everybody asks.

The next day we went to New York by plane. And in New York I did ride in the parade. I was in the tenth limousine, with a lieutenant colonel and some other people. It was something to ride down the streets of my home town, and hear everybody cheering my

boss. I will say for New York, it appreciated General Eisenhower and wasn't afraid to show how it felt.

I'd heard how New York let its hair down for people like Lindbergh but I'd never seen anything like this. Maybe there hadn't ever been anything like this. To thousands of people in the crowd this wasn't just a spectacle; just something that was happening to some famous man. This was, like the war had been, something that was happening to everybody. And when a lot of those people saw the Boss riding up Broadway, smiling and waving, it was really their own soldiers they were waving and yelling at. Anyhow, I would think it would be that way, for a lot of them. Whatever way it was, it was tops.

At City Hall, where "The Hat" gave my boss honorary citizenship and the gold medal of the city of New York, my brother Timothy and my mother were in the grandstand. That had been arranged from Washington. I saw them and they saw me, and we waved. My brother Bryan was in the press box and I saw him and waved too. And then we went on through the city and up to the mayor's house, Gracie Mansion, for lunch.

After that I went to the Waldorf, cleaned up, arranged to have a uniform pressed for the Boss, and saw that everything was all right for him. I saw my mother for a few minutes; she had been invited to a luncheon given by Mrs. Eisenhower. I took Mother to my room and then went to the Boss's suite to see if he needed me and met Mrs. Eisenhower. She was happy and excited and trying to do a hundred things at once—answer the telephone and get dressed and talk to her parents, who were there. But she had time to say hello to me, and to tell me how glad she was to see me.

There didn't seem to be much I could do for the Boss, so I went to a cocktail party they were giving for

us, and afterward to the dinner where the General spoke—and where we all got the New York City gold medal. Mother and Timothy sat at a table right in front of the dais, with some officers and Mrs. Eisenhower.

After the dinner the General took Mrs. Eisenhower to the train and she went on to Kansas City. Then he came back to the hotel. I'd met Mother after the dinner and taken her back to my room and when the Boss came I asked him if he would see her when he had time. He was in a room full of people, talking, but when I asked him that he said he had time right then, and we went along to my room, where Mother and Timothy and Bryan were waiting for us. They all shook hands and then the Boss put his arms around my mother and hugged her. They said a lot of things—the General that he had been looking forward to that for a long time, and Mother that it was the greatest thrill she ever had, and then we all talked for ten minutes or so; they talked mostly about me. Mother said she had always prayed for the Boss, and she knew that everybody had, and that the country was as lucky as any country could ever be to have a man like him heading its armies. I've got a picture of all of us together, and we're all laughing. Maybe it was just because the photographer wanted us to, but we all look very happy. We all were; anyway, I know the McKeoghs were, and I think the General was.

The next morning we flew to West Point, where the Boss reviewed the corps of cadets and had dinner with the superintendent; the rest of us had a big dinner at the Hotel Thayer. And the next day we flew to Kansas City, where there was another parade and a big reception—and where the Boss met his mother and the rest of the family.

That evening we went to Abilene on a special train.

The General was happy to be getting back to Abilene; you could tell that from his face. He was happy about everything—being back home with his wife, seeing his mother and brother again, getting back to his home town. There was only one thing wrong; all the excitement was too much for the Boss's mother, and when we got to Abilene she got off the train right away and went home. And the General, so that she could have as much quiet as possible, lived on the train the two and a half days we were there. He and Mrs. Eisenhower would go to see his mother during the day.

It is a nice, small, clean town, Abilene is. It's like the little American towns you read about in books. It has wide streets and the cars were parked in them at angles, the way you don't see them in big cities; it is a town which sort of starts at the railroad station and goes on from there. And the people were real glad to see the General.

A little town like Abilene can't put on the kind of reception New York can, or even Kansas City. This was a different kind of reception. Everything they did seemed—I don't know, more sincere and down to earth. For one thing, the General didn't parade in Abilene. He sat on a stand and the town paraded for him—and cheered and waved when it went by. It was as if the town wanted to take all the trouble itself, and show the Boss what it really thought of him.

I was supposed to leave the General at Abilene, but when it came time to go he asked me to stay on a little longer. So I went back to Washington with him and Mrs. Eisenhower, and the same night we went to White Sulphur Springs. They spent ten days there, very quietly, with nobody cheering—just by themselves. There wasn't much for me to do; I was just around if he needed me. Mostly he didn't. He rested, and had

time with Mrs. Eisenhower, and did a little fishing. Their son came down for a couple of days. It was just family and rest—and a chance for my boss to be a free man for a little while.

We got back to Washington on July 8. Two days later I went out to the airport with the General, and then I said good-by to him. He turned around before he boarded the plane and shook my hand and said he would miss me, and to take care of myself and—the other things a man says at times like that. I had a lot of things ready to say; I'd had enough time to think about leaving the General, and what it would mean to me, and what I wanted to say to him. But when it came time, I found I couldn't get the words out, because of the way my throat was. I did tell him that I didn't want to say good-by; that I'd just say, "So long." And then he smiled again and got into the plane and it taxied off across the field and went into the air. He was on his way back to Germany.

I turned around and after a little I got along back to town. I went to the War Department and reported in and got my orders. They were good orders—report to Camp Dix for discharge; authorized to delay sixty days in reporting. Those aren't the kind of orders a GI gets very often.

I went home and then I went out to Minnesota to get Pearlie. I stayed there three weeks, seeing her people and the little town she lived in—and Pearlie. Then we flew back to New York. On September 12 I went to Camp Dix and got discharged and went back to Queens and Pearlie. Two days after I got out of the Army, Pearlie and I had a little daughter. We named her Mary Ann.

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## CHAPTER

# 11

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I WAS LUCKY in the war. I met people, starting with Pearlie and General Eisenhower and Mrs. Eisenhower, I could never have dreamed of meeting. I saw places I couldn't have expected to see—some of them I'd hardly heard about. I was in on things that will be in histories, and with a man who will be very important in histories. All these things and people are a long way from Queens, and from what a Queens boy would ever expect to have anything to do with. I was very lucky in the war, in which so many great guys—some of whom I knew—were terribly unlucky.

I'll never be mixed up in such important things again. And I suppose, as time goes on, I'll be telling our children, Pearlie's and mine, about those things from the time they're old enough to listen until they're old enough so they won't listen any more. And I'll have things to show them—pictures of people like Winston Churchill and General Marshall, and a bronze star given me for "meritorious and faithful service" with the General, and newspaper clippings that I've pasted in a scrap-book.

There are one or two of those things that I'm so proud of I want to tell about them here, now that I've finished telling everything else I can remember about those four years. One of them, and it goes up near the

top, is a picture of my Boss and on it he wrote: "To Mickey, my helper and friend for four years, most of it war! With lasting appreciation and best wishes. Dwight D. Eisenhower." It's a picture showing him smiling just a little, as if he were waiting for me to say something, and as if he had time to talk to me. I saw him look just like that a thousand times during those four years.

The other two things I'm proudest of are letters from the General. One he wrote to my mother in April, 1943. She has it framed. The other is the letter he wrote to me just before he flew back to Germany without me.

The one to my mother goes this way:

Dear Mrs. McKeogh:

Thank you so much for sending me the card of enrollment in the Union of Prayer. Mrs. Eisenhower sent it on to me and it finally reached me just a few days ago. It was very thoughtful of you to think of me in this way and I truly appreciate it.

Your Michael is in splendid health and is invaluable to me. Literally, I don't know how I should get along without him. I am far too busy to look after my personal affairs and he does everything for me, from seeing that I am fed, to making sure that I have a decent place to sleep when we go off on long trips.

Please don't tell him that I have admitted to you how dependent I am upon him, because he would probably start to browbeat me, but I do want you to know that I thank my stars for the good fortune of finding him almost two years ago down in Texas.

With sincere regard and the hope that you continue to enjoy the best of health.

The letter to me is dated in Washington on 9 July, 1945, and it reads:

Dear Sergeant McKeogh:

Tomorrow will see the termination of four years' close association between you and me. Before we part, I want to attempt in this letter to leave with you some record of my very deep appreciation for the loyal, efficient and cheerful service you have rendered me during these many months, including those we spent in the Mediterranean and European Theatres of Operation.

Because of your position as my personal orderly, you have been under my close observation every day. Consequently, I can vouch for your complete loyalty, your unimpeachable integrity, and your cheerful and tireless devotion to duty. I will always be grateful to you for having filled what was to me a difficult and important post and in such a way as to facilitate my own work.

While this letter expresses in a very feeble fashion the depth of my gratitude to you, you are at perfect liberty to use it in any way you see fit in your future life and activities.

To you and Mrs. McKeogh I send every good wish for your health and happiness.

Maybe it seems like boasting to use these two letters. But I can't help it. Both of them did make me proud, and more than that they made me very happy. Because —maybe I'm wrong about this, but I'll never think so— both letters sound to me as if General Eisenhower were writing about a friend. It would sure be swell if he thought about me that way.









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